



A Magazine of General Literature.

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TO THE READERS OF THE HARP.

C. Donovan, Esq., B. A.

MY DEAR SIR,—I have learned with great pleasure that you have become proprietor and editor of THE HARP hitherto published in Montreal, but henceforward to be published in this city. The undertaking meets my cordial approbation, and from your well known abilities and Catholic principles and conduct, I have every confidence that under your management it will be no mean contribution to Catholic literature. I therefore earnestly commend it to the patronage of the clergy and laity of this Diocese, and I hope that it will be in every sense a success.

Remain,

Yours very sincerely,

✠ P. F. CRINNON,
Bp. of Hamilton.

HAMILTON, Oct., 1881.

MONTREAL, Oct. 8, 1881.

To the Readers of the HARP :

Having sold the copyright and my good will of THE HARP to Mr. C. Donovan, B. A., Hamilton, I beg to return the readers of THE HARP my most sincere thanks for their patronage these many years and hope that they will extend to my successor a continuance of their favor.

J. GILLIES.

HAMILTON, Nov. 1st, 1881.

In issuing the first number under the new management, I take the opportunity to respectfully solicit from the patrons of THE HARP a continuance of their support. I shall endeavor to conduct it in such a manner that THE HARP will continue to sustain the reputation it has hitherto enjoyed as a good and popular magazine.

CORNELIUS DONOVAN.

THE DAY OF TRIAL.

A TALE—BY GERALD GRIFFIN.

LONG study, and the most laborious application, were necessary to obtain these honors by which men of learning and genius were distinguished in the ancient Irish colleges. These honors entitled the successful candidates to take precedence of the warriors and nobles of the day, and to occupy a place which was second only to royalty itself.

In the ranks of the Ollamhs, which was the highest degree conferred on the cultivators of the lighter muse, in those ancient academies, was the venerable and highly-gifted Madaghan, the Ard-filea, or chief

poet and chronicler to the arch-king of Erin. His duty was to furnish the rhymes or metrical histories of the day; to compose those martial odes which were set to music and sung by the crotaries or harpers at the public feasts; to retain in his memory no less than three hundred and fifty stories of past times, for the amusement and instruction of the people; and, in quality of bard, which he added to his accomplishments, to execute with a ready finger the most intricate pieces of music. For these services he was usually rewarded, according to the custom of the time, with

twenty milch kine, besides enjoying the privilege of free entertainment for a month after, and the attendance of four-and-twenty servants. Merry were the companies which Madaghan enlivened with his presence, and long were his narratives remembered by the hearers, for no one understood so well the art of conveying solid instruction under the guise of mirth, and intermingling his most fanciful incidents with maxims of practical wisdom.

But although he often enlivened the hearts of others, his own was not without its cares. His only child, a son, who he hoped should inherit his talents and his fortune, proved to be deaf and dumb, and there remained no hope of his advancement in life. The father had seen all his relatives descend into the tomb before him, and felt his own life wasting rapidly away, without any prospect of leaving his son established in comfort behind him. His affliction at this circumstance was the keener, as the boy was beautiful, affectionate, and intelligent, beyond many of those who were rising fast in the esteem and favor of the public. The poor old Ollamh, who loved his son with all the tenderness of a father, sighed as he accorded to the children of his friends and neighbors those honors which his own boy could never hope to accomplish. It was not that the old man's heart was capable of so foul a passion as envy, but it was natural that, with the most benevolent feelings, the sight of filial merit and paternal happiness should remind him, by the contrast, of his own affliction. He was often visited by those remembrances of grief, for the consciousness of his own disappointment made him careful of inflicting a similar pain upon the hearts of other parents by showing any needless rigor in his examination of the young candidates that came before him. His heart sank and grew heavy under the weight of his own feelings, and he who knew so well how to soothe and even to banish the sorrow of another, was often in want of a comforter for his own.

The younger Madaghan showed that the deficiency in his senses did not extend to his intellect or to his heart. His eyes were ever fixed upon his parent. The slightest action of the old man's hand, or motion of his frame, was for him a swifter indication of his wishes than language would have been to another. He brought

him his clarsech when he saw the clouds gathering upon his brow, although he knew not why it was that running his fingers along the chords of the instrument should inspire joy and life into the heart of his father as well as of the listeners. Neither could he understand the cause of the old harper's grief, but he did all that lay in his power to ascertain and remove it. His efforts, however, could only aggravate the evil they were intended to counteract; and it was with pain and surprise he perceived that the more he exerted himself to withdraw the arrow, the deeper did he infix it in the heart of the old man.

One evening, when the aged Ollamh was striking a mournful air upon his instrument, while the sun was sinking in the west, and flinging across their sheiling door the shadow of an adjacent round tower, his son approached and bent his eyes upon his face with an expression of deep interest and anxiety. The earnestness of his look brought back some sorrowful recollections to the harper, who, letting his hand fall idly on his knee, endeavored to trace in the blooming features of the youth the semblance of his long-lost mother. Tear following tear flowed down the old man's cheek as he thought of the happiness of other times, until at length he pushed the clarsech aside with a feeling of heart-sickness, and sank back on his tripod, overwhelmed at once by his recollections and his forebodings.

The young man started forward and flung his arms wide, as if to solicit some explanation of this burst of sorrow. He pressed his hand forcibly upon his heart, to express what was passing within—he uttered some passionate and inarticulate murmurs—threw himself at the feet of his parent—embraced his knees, and again looked up eagerly and inquiringly in his eyes. The Ollamh smiled through his grief at those demonstrations of affection, and laid his hand kindly on the curling ringlets of the youth, while he shook his head, at the same time, to express the hopelessness of his condition. The youth started to his feet, and pointed to the four quarters of the world, intimating, by his liveliest gestures, his readiness to undertake any toil or journey that could restore happiness to his parent. Again the latter shook his grey hairs in silence, and pointed up to heaven. The youth understood his meaning, and bending down with a

feeling of deep though silent reverence, burst into tears, and rushed into the adjoining wood.

His knowledge of religion was distinct and his feeling deep. He reflected on the mute answer of his parent, and resolved to follow up the intimation by addressing himself for information and assistance to the Great Author of existence himself. The round tower before mentioned was attached to a church, in which were heard at this moment (but not by the unfortunate youth) the voices of the monks, who chanted the evening service of their religion, accompanied by their small and sweet-toned cruets—a stringed instrument then in use. He entered the chapel, and proceeded, with his hands crossed and his head declined on his bosom, to the foot of the altar. He had no words to express his wishes, but the thoughts and aspirations of the heart flew to the throne of mercy, with a fervor far excelling that of many, who, being gifted with the faculty of speech, use it in prayer rather as a substitute than a vehicle for the feelings of the soul. He prayed long and ardently: with veneration, with faith, with confidence, and with resignation—for the soul of man, when once taught to know and love its God, needs no human instructions to teach it how to address and adore him. Perhaps the dumb boy's heart was better fitted to hear and understand the silent voice of heaven speaking within it, that his ears had never been open to the sinful sounds of earth.

I will not presume to represent in language that prayer which flowed to the bosom of the Creator without the aid of words. Enough is said when I mention, that pure and disinterested in its object, it was heard and granted.

The youth was yet on his knees—yet agitated by one of those divine consolations that make the “tears of devotion sweeter than the joys of theatres,” when he was seized with a sudden pain in his ears, followed by a discharge of thin liquid that seemed to burst within his throat. Immediately after, a multitude of new and wonderful sensations broke at once upon his spirit. How shall I give you any idea of their nature? Imagine yourself to stand in the centre of a spacious hall, which is filled with machinery in rapid motion; sending forth sounds of various kinds, stunning the ear with the clash of cymbals,

the rolling of drums, the pealing of artillery, the crash of falling towers, and the warbling of wild instruments, all mingling together in an overwhelming chaos of sound; and you may conceive something of the sensations which bewildered the affrighted youth. After some moments, however, this confusion of noises abated, and his sense acquired the power of distinguishing the natural sounds by which it was affected. He tossed his arms into the air, and remained for a moment fixed in an attitude of ecstasy and astonishment. He seemed as if he had been suddenly hurried into a new state of existence. The sound of his own breath, as he panted in the agitation of his spirit—the tinkling of the small silver bell that was rung at one of the closes in the service—the solemn voices of the choristers, with the murmuring of the sweet-stringed instruments—the sound of his own feet on the tessellated pavement—the whispering of the wind among the boughs that shaded the open window—all filled him with wonder, ecstasy and gratitude. His cheeks glowed, his eyes filled with fire, his brow was covered with perspiration, his heart swelled within his bosom, as if it would have burst with the strength and intensity of its emotions, until at length, oppressed almost to fainting with the intoxicating happiness that his new faculty afforded him, he flung himself at full length upon the ground, and found relief in a passion of tears and thanksgiving.

Neither was he ignorant of the great importance of the benefit which he had thus received. He perfectly understood that he had now acquired that great power, the want of which had hitherto kept him so far beneath the level of his companions, and shut him out from the walks of science and learning. He felt his soul expand within him as he thought of the happiness which the knowledge of this great blessing would confer upon his aged father; and here a new idea started into his mind.

To complete the joy of the latter, he thought it would be better to defer the communication of this rapturous intelligence until he had ascertained the capabilities of the sense, and acquired some portion of the information which it was able to impart. The idea no sooner presented itself to his understanding than he resolved to embrace it. He returned

home full of this exciting determination, and lingering long upon his pathway through the wood, in order to hear the song of the evening birds—the cooing of the wild pigeons—the twittering of the wren—the rippling of the small stream—and all the other sounds that broke so sweetly upon the stillness of the evening air.

The sound of his father's harp, as he reached the shieling door, furnished him with a new occasion for delight and astonishment. He paused and gazed, with open eyes and lips apart, upon the minstrel, while the aged fingers of the latter ran along the chords—

“With many a winding bout
Of linked sweetness long drawn out.”

The air was of a mournful mode, and young Madaghan wondered at the delicious sorrow which it diffused throughout his frame. Fearful however of betraying himself by his emotions, he passed his parent, and entered the house with a hurried and agitated step.

His passions and his genius, keen and active as they naturally were, became still more acute and susceptible under the influence of this new excitement. Joy, fear, sorrow—all the internal feelings of his nature were called out into more active exercise by the stimulus which this exquisite sense continually supplied. Knowledge, which hitherto he had only received in flittered drops, now rushed like a torrent upon his soul; he felt as if the earth were too narrow to contain the bigness of his spirit. He was overpowered with the greatness of his own nature, and resolved that no single moment should be lost in converting to its most perfect uses the new talent with which the Almighty had entrusted him.

In a few months he found himself fully capable of imitating all the sounds which he heard in society, and by which he perceived that men communicated their thoughts to one another. His quickness of observation and retentive memory had rendered him master of the uses and signification of the terms which he heard, and he practised in the recesses of the wood, far away from the ears of men, those modulations and inflections of the voice which had charmed him most in the conversation of others.

He now felt the necessity of entrusting

a second person with his secret; a person possessing both the power and the inclination to assist him in his design. He selected for this purpose no less an individual than the Prior of the little monastery where he had received his hearing—a man who was perfectly well acquainted with the Ard-filea, and possessed the esteem and love of all who were acquainted with him. It was not, however, that the pious ecclesiastic sought to be esteemed by them for the sake of enjoying their applause. Ambition of that nature is almost sure to disappoint itself.

The Prior was in his oratory, when young Madaghan presented himself at the gate of the convent, and made signs to be admitted. The lay brother instantly complied, for the mean and truckling subterfuge of modern etiquette was in those days either unknown or despised. The young man passed into the presence of the Prior, who received him with gentleness and favor. He had long observed the piety and filial affection of the poor deaf youth, and felt much interest in his fortunes, as well as in the affliction of the father. But nothing could exceed his astonishment when the young man, trembling and weeping with emotion, addressed him in a distinct and articulate voice, and told him the story of the last few months.

“I wish,” he continued, after he had left no incident of his narrative unrelated, “I wish to keep the circumstance a secret from my father, until I have made some considerable progress in the studies which become my age, in order that his surprise and delight may be the greater. I came to the resolution of applying to you for assistance, as I was sure, from your kindness to my father and myself that you would readily procure me the opportunities of instruction which were necessary.

He was not deceived in his estimation of the good ecclesiastic character. The latter entered with heartfelt pleasure and alacrity into his harmless project. The resolution and self-denial of the young man filled him with admiration, and he resolved to take the task of his instruction into his own hands. Months passed away, and the secret of the youth remained between his benevolent instructor and himself. His education was consummated in those particular walks of science which constituted the profession of his father

and he made no inconsiderable progress in those departments of general knowledge which were adapted to form and extend his mind, so as to render it the more capable of excellence in any particular avocation.

A day of awful interest to all the students in Meath now approached. It was the day of public competition amongst them for the lottly post of Ard-fleá to the king, which the aged Madaghan, finding its duties become too arduous for his declining health, resolved to resign in favor of the most deserving.

On the evening before the public examination, the Ard-fleá felt an unusual heaviness press upon his spirits. The souls of worldly men, who have grown old in any particular vocation, are frequently so helpless in themselves, and so dependent upon worldly employment for mental occupation, that it seems to them like relinquishing life itself to abdicate any long-accustomed and influential office; and this even when the infirmities of old age have incapacitated them for effectually discharging its duties. Such, however, was not the cause of Ollamh's sorrow. He had long before learned the true object of his existence on earth, and wished, as his frame grew feeble, and wasted slowly to decay, that he might, by placing his heavier cares on younger and stronger shoulders, obtain more leisure for the contemplation of that Divinity into whose presence he must soon be introduced.

But his fears for the welfare of his unhappy son were not diminished, as he felt the time approach of their final separation. He had observed with increasing concern, that the character and demeanor of the young man had of late been altered. His lively and intelligent art of gesticulation seemed to have abandoned him, and, in proportion as he acquired the language of society, he seemed to have lost that of nature. His cheek was pale and wasted from the closeness and intensity of his application; and the old man thought the hand of disease was on him. His eye had lost its accustomed quickness and restlessness, and became meditative and solemn in its expression. The change perplexed his parent, who thought he saw in what was in reality the effect of an improved understanding, the symptoms of its decay.

The young man's anxiety, likewise, became almost ungovernable on this evening;

his spirits were hurried to and fro like a sea that is tossed by sudden tempests. Sometimes the anticipation of success, and of its consequences, excited him to a degree of almost painful ecstasy, and he was borne along upon the wings of triumph and exultation, until his head grew dizzy and his heart drunk with the fullness of its imagined rapture. Sometimes a dark tide of fears would come rushing down upon his heart, and bodements of the ruin, failure, and disgrace that might attend him on the morrow would shake his soul with terror. He used his utmost exertions to conquer those unreasonable emotions, and to cast all his cares upon the will of Providence, but it was an hour of severe trial for the fortitude of his character.

The father, occupied by his own feelings, did not observe the agitation of his son. When the latter, as usual, brought him his clarsech, after their evening meal, he motioned him to remove it again, and intimated by a gesture that his present sorrow was one which music could not allay.

The young man looked wistfully upon him. As the Ollamh caught his eye, he held out his hand with an affectionate smile, and drew him to his side.

"My poor boy," said he, unconscious that his words were understood, "to-morrow will be a bitter day for your father. When my little Melcha first placed you in my arms, a beautiful and healthy child, I thought that I should one day see you capable of inheriting the fortunes and duties of your father; and I scarcely mourned over her early tomb, when I looked upon your face and thought of the future. But Heaven (that blesses with calamity, as well as with good fortune) soon struck me for my vain ambition. The day is to come, to which I looked forth so proudly; and you my son must stand idly by, while the son of a stranger shall wear the gold ring, and strike the clarsech of your father. And yet it is not even for this I am troubled; but, my poor forlorn boy, my limbs are growing old and feeble, and the lamp of life is already flickering in its socket within me. When it shall be extinguished, I tremble to think of the darknes which shall envelope your fortunes!"

Never did the preservation of the young man's secret appear to him a task of greater difficulty than at this moment.

All his magnanimity seemed insufficient to restrain the burning desire which he felt of flinging himself at his father's feet, and declaring the whole truth. His lips seemed almost trembling with the words of confession. He longed to embrace the old man's neck and exclaim, "Your hopes, my dear father, shall not be blasted; my ears are not deaf—my lips are not dumb! Be comforted! your son shall inherit your honors. The gold ring and the clarsech shall not pass to the hand of a stranger. I am not the destitute being you suppose. The Almighty has heard my prayers, and made me capable of fulfilling that station in society for which your fondness first designed me."

Repressing, however, by a violent effort of self-restraint, the impulse of his filial affection, he threw his birrede or cap on his head, drew his saga around his shoulders, and hurried forth to find consolation and assistance in the advice of his preceptor.

The good ecclesiastic warned him against the indulgence of an anxiety, which had in it a mixture of worldly solicitude and impetuosity. He pointed out to him the distinction between that solicitude to obtain success, which is always a culpable and human feeling, and that care to deserve it, which is a paramount virtue. The first, he said, was sure to obstruct; the second seldom failed in promoting the progress of the aspirant.

The morning dawned at length, and young Madaghan, accompanied by the Prior, repaired to the place of meeting, where the Arch-king and his court were already assembled to decide upon the merits of the competitors. The principal trial of strength was an eulogium, pronounced in verse, upon the present holder of the office; but there were many prior contests in music and literature, in which it was necessary for the successful candidate to prove his excellence.

The Ard-filea proceeded to the place in his robes of state, the truis of various colors, the long white cataigh that flowed over his person, the birrede that covered his head, the gold ring that glittered on his finger, and the clarsech that hung suspended from his neck, comprising within his costume the six colors, which only the royal and the learned were privileged to wear. He took his place in a small recess

apart from the assembly, where he waited the issue of the proceedings, without seeing or being seen by the candidates. This arrangement was adopted from an obvious feeling of decorum, as Madaghan could not, without embarrassment, be present at his own panegyric.

The scene which the hall of assembly presented was one well calculated to abash the spirits and depress the hopes of the young aspirants. The Arch-king sat in front, in his regal insignia, while, at various distances around him, were placed the dignitaries of the court and camp; the cheiftains of townships, and the knights of the various national orders, in all the splendid varieties of costumes and ornaments. A multitude of inferior courtiers filled up the spaces all round, while an open space in the midst was reserved for the candidates.

Several persons ran, from time to time, to the recess of the Ard-filea, to inform him of the progress of the contest. He heard their intelligence without much interest or emotion.

"The contest of the clarsech is decided!" cried one, running eagerly to the old man. "Did you not hear the acclamations that burst from the people? The victory was awarded to a fair young man, of whose name all persons, except your friend, the Prior, appear to be ignorant. His skill is astonishing! The melody flows from his instrument as if it were touched by the winds alone—so nimbly do his fingers move. No string ceases to tremble from the moment he takes the harp in his hand until he has laid it aside."

"I rejoice," said the Ard-filea, mournfully, "that the king shall not want an efficient minstrel. Hark! there is a second burst of acclamations. Who is the victor now?"

He was answered by the same person who came running to him with greater eagerness than before.

"They have decided the second contest. The victory in reciting the *Eve of the Battle* has been obtained."

"By my old pupil, Eagna?" asked the old man.

"No. Eagna's composition attracted general admiration, but he was excelled by another—the same youth who obtained the prize in music. Never was there a finer genius. He rushed into his subject like a warrior armed for combat, bearing

down before him all criticism—all thought of cavil or objection. His eye kindled, his cheek became inflamed, his form enlarged, his voice rang like the clang of a trumpet. His images started up one after the other, shining exact, and noble. The sounds of war found echoes in his numbers—the picture of the battle came before our eyes as he sang, until the knights drew the weapons bare, the standards shook in the hands of the galloglachs—the tioseachs sprang to their feet, as if to head an assault; while the war-cry of ‘*Farrah!*’ trembled on their lips, and the good king Aodh himself shook his sceptre as if it had been a javelin.

“It is singular his name should be unknown,” said the Ard filea, more interested than before; “I am sorry for poor Eagea’s disappointment, but the genius of this youth has touched me. Ah! my poor dumb boy! I have seen a fire in your eye that spoke of a burning spirit within, could it but find a voice of utterance.”

The last trial—the eulogy of the age of Madaghan—was now proceeding. Again the roof trembled with the acclamations of the multitude, and again the old man’s informant was by his side.

“It is completed!” he exclaimed: “the election has fallen on the young man. You may well be proud of such an eulogist. So modest an appeal, so rational, so feeling, was never before pronounced. His hearers were moved even to tears, and yet so simple was his language, that they attributed all to your merit, and nothing to the eloquence of your panegyrist.”

At the same moment the crowd separated, and the old Prior advanced, leading the successful candidate by the hand. His head hung down upon his bosom, and his hand trembled while he did homage to the superior rank of the Ard-filea, by laying aside his girdle, and removing the green birrede from his head. Tears obscured the eyes of Madaghan while he placed the gold ring on the slender finger of the boy, and prepared to loosen the string by which the clarsech was suspended round his neck.

“My sweet-toned harp,” he said, “after long and fond attachment we must be separated; but it is some consolation to know that I do not commit you to unworthy hands. Lift up your head, young

man, and let me see the face of him who is to be my successor.”

The victorious candidate remained on his knee, with his head still lowered, while his frame was shaken with sobs, and his tears washed the old man’s feet.

“Rise!” said the latter, with dignity. “Tears become a child of song; but not when they flow like those of a maiden. Arise, and—Ha!—What?—My child! Impossible! My boy?—Give me your hands, my friends! Prior, your hand!—This is some cheat—some mockery! Was this well? My poor dumb boy, who made you a party against your aged father?”

Confusion and anger made the sensitive old man tremble exceedingly, while he clung for support to his friends, unable to conceive the meaning of what he beheld. His perplexity, though not his wonder, ceased, however, when the youth extended his arms quietly, and said, with a delighted smile:

“Father, rejoice! It is your own fond child that speaks to you. Heaven, long since, in pity to my prayer, restored my hearing, and I kept the blessing secret only for the purpose of enjoying the happiness of such a day as this. The day is come, and my joy is now complete.”

The Ard-filea threw himself with a broken cry of joy upon the neck of his son. He gave utterance to the feelings of his heart in exclamations of rapture and repeated caresses, while the spectators pressed around, with brimming eyes, to share in the gratulations of the happy relatives.

“It is enough!” the old man exclaimed looking to heaven with an eye that glistered with delight and gratitude. “I am contented for this earth. This, O Almighty Being! was more than I desired, more than I deserved. Let those who have not experienced thy benefits, if such there be, presume to be dissatisfied; we, at least, have no room within our hearts for anything but wonder, and praise, and love. Accept that love, accept that gratitude, my Maker and Benefactor! I prayed to thee, and thou hast heard me! Thou hast given peace to the old man’s heart—thou hast dried the old man’s tears—thou hast hushed his sighs—thou wilt suffer him to lay his white hairs in quiet hope within the grave. Thou hast blessed me! My soul within me thanks and adores thy goodness!”

When he had spoken, he suffered his hand to fall over the shoulder of the youth, while the evening sun shone calm

upon the group, and a silence, tender and profound, stole over the assembled multitude.

NOTES.

[OLLAMH—a doctor, chief professor of any science. *Fr., Savant.*

CLARSECH—Harp, national musical instrument of Ireland.

ARD-FILEA—From *ard*, high, and *fileadh*, poet, the king's chief bard.

TRUIS—A girdle.

EAGNA—Wisdom, prudence.

FARRAH!—Ancient Irish war cry, equivalent to "Vengeance!"

AODH—proper name, in English *Hugh*, signifying *fire*.—Greek, *aio*, to burn.—ED. HARP.]

IRISH ECCLESIASTICAL HISTORY.

Baltimore Metropolitan.

[The following article, written and published many years ago, forms even to-day a just criticism on the writings of those worldly wise men who deny the existence of supernatural operations in any part of the created system.—ED. HARP.]

THE miraculous powers of God's Saints have, in different ages, been very differently regarded. Since the reformation, especially, public opinion has been against miracles; the Lives of the Saints picture them individually more, and give us comparatively few miracles, and these so well attested as to defy doubt. This is due to the influence of Protestantism, and the suppression of miracles has been carried to a most undue extent in some cases. Butler has in this way given, in many cases, ideal characters to certain saints by eliminating much of their supernatural and miraculous character.

Many of the greatest living ornaments of the Church have deplored this reaction, and have endeavored to make the Lives of the Saints once more a source of aliment to Christian piety. The Oratorians have done much in England, and issued many works that would have been frowned down a quarter of a century ago. In France, Baillet and Godescard, as Butler is usually called from the name of his translator, have fallen into disrepute, and new, less rationalistic collections are prepared, while that delight of our forefathers Ribadaneira's *Flos Sanctorum*, has been retranslated, and by its unction and piety revives the feeling of Christian heroism.

Dom Gueranger, Abbot of Solesmes, *the* Benedictine of our day, whose liturgical works and labors are so well known, thus treats the matter in the preface of his new work, "The Acts of the Martyrs." The last century suffered the enthusiasm of our fathers for the Lives of the Saints to expire. Just as the preachers in the great cities, as Cardinal Maury tells us, avoided pronouncing the name of our

Lord, and replaced it by some circumlocution to flatter philosophic ears; so the rare hagiographers of that age, took care to banish from the Lives of the Saints which they published, the wonders of divine grace, the heroic acts of virtue, the extraordinary ways and especially the miracles. They wished to conform all to a certain measure, and that measure was not taken from the sentiment of the Church, but from the instincts of an age, in whose bosom the faith, already enfeebled by its struggle with Jansenism, defended itself with difficulty against the inroads of a philosophy for which the etiquette of the day required some concessions.

The seventeenth century, so little appreciated even now in its influence, had bequeathed to its successor a system of criticism toward the Acts of the Saints, that that successor had only to apply by the hands of Voltaire to the Scriptures themselves, and hurry generations into doubt and incredulity. Launoy and Tillet, soon followed by Buillet, their disciple, disposed minds to this antipathy for the marvellous, which may be a more or less proper disposition in a philosopher, but is surely most misplaced in the Christian, whose faith reposes on the supernatural communication of God with man, and who should never forget the promise of Christ.

"Amen, amen, I say unto you, he that believeth in me, the works that I do, he also shall do, and greater than these shall he do." (John xiv, 12.)

The distrust with regard to miracles, the reluctance to acknowledge and admit them, became then one of the essential

characters of the new hagiographers, and the re-casting of liturgical works even, undertaken in such dispositions, completely broke off all communion with a past of simple and unstudied faith. True historical criticism was doubtless often violated amid all these charges of falsehood flung on the testimony of ages; but this was unthought of in the joy felt on at last offering to the public, whose rationalism became daily more exacting, the Lives of the Saints, expurgated, as far as possible, of all that was wonderful.

In no case, however, has this expurgation of miracles gone so far as in Ireland, where it has gone so far as almost to consign to oblivion the lives of the early Saints, the Apostles, the Virgins of the Isle, of whom the current literature gives only such bald and tame sketches, that beside them Butler becomes enthusiastic, and Buillet full of unction and Christian persuasiveness.

Compare, for instance, the life of Saint Patrick by Jocelyn and that by Lynch. According to the one, he was a Thaumaturgus, wielding miraculous powers as great as those of Saint Vincent Ferer, Saint Francis Xavier, Saint Francis of Hyeronimo, or Blessed Peter Claver; according to the other, he wrought so few that it would be pretty difficult to obtain his canonization in our days. There is certainly an error in this. We conceive it was evinced by God's ordinary providence in the conversion of nations, that the first apostle of a land, the one who wins it to the faith of Christ, is uniformly endowed, to an extraordinary extent, with miraculous powers, not accorded in an equal degree to his successors. God fits every man for the ministry to which he calls him, and for the overthrow of idolatry and implanting of the truth, usually gives the gift of miracles. We should, then, be disposed rather to prefer a life of Saint Patrick, that would thus portray him, than one which divests him of that gift. In the accounts which centuries of pious reverence have accumulated with loving care, and perhaps fond credulity, there may be chaff, but there is certainly wheat which will repay the winnowing of judicious criticism.

"The miracles of the Irish Saints," says Barneval, "are not, I think, articles of faith; without questioning then their merits, we may then call in doubt many

of the wonderful signs with which they are invested; but if we admit that their whole legend is only an epic, half monastic, half popular, by turns ingenious and rude, vulgar and poetical, simple and brilliant, dramatic and plain, we must admit that most of these accounts are symbolical. Men passed amid the nations doing good. Gratitude has transmitted their actions, imagination has transformed them. Their miracles may be inventions: their virtues are not; and there is always something true in these fictions, something human in this supernatural, some moral in this fancy."

Detesting with all our heart these modern writers who so dislike the miracles of St. Patrick and the early Irish Saints, who so upbraid Jocelyn and Acamnan and Cogitosus, and all those of whom Ireland may really be proud, and biassed as we are by our belief in the frequent manifestation of divine power in Ireland's conversion, we took up the book of Mr. Tachet de Barneval with some misgivings, when we found that his work was one not on Irish legends, in their popular acceptance, but a work on the Irish legend in its ecclesiastical meaning; in other words, a volume on the Irish saints. "In the French and Catholic meaning of the word the Legend is the Lives of the Saints."

Mr. Tachet de Barneval is a Frenchman, but of Irish decent, who, after his family's two centuries of exile, preserves a love for Ireland, with something of Irish blood and Irish instincts in him. We like him for this, and we like him better when he says: "In the seventeenth century, when reason became severe, when in the very bosom of Catholicity the worship of reason was inaugurated, the legend was attacked. The Bollandists soon criticised it, and the Benedictines expurgated it. Perhaps it then scandalized the unbeliever a little less: perhaps too it edified the faithful a little less. What the wise ridicule or prescribe; what the learned neglect or despise, what even the *litterateurs* disdain, is precisely what I have in preference explored."

His theory as to these lives is not ours: they are to him symbolical, and he seeks to trace by them the history of the times, the struggles of the early Church, and writing with ease and grace, and with something of Irish instinct, as he well says, he has made a volume which we have

read with unfeigned pleasure and interest, and a feeling that in giving us the result of his long and extensive study of the early Irish hagiologies he has done the cause of Irish history an incalculable service. He has opened a new path, and we trust that others following in his steps will avail themselves of the same sources to paint the characters and life of the saints, whom we learned in childhood to revere, a Patrick, a Bridget, a Kieran, a Maccarton, a Columbkille.

To some of these saints, Barneval devotes separate chapters, and the Apostle of Ireland, the holy Virgin of Kildare, the Dove of the O'Neills, Saint Fursey, Saint Brendan, Saint Columban of Bobbio, are all portrayed fully; but the most interesting portion is that in which he draws out, from the legend, the attitude of the Saints, the first Apostles of Ireland, towards the princes on the one hand, and the people on the other; towards the haughty tyrant, who knew no law and bent to naught but an overwhelming power, and towards the oppressed people, who were the daily sport of the pride or revenge of the chieftain, whom, as faithful clansmen, they must follow to death. This political influence of the early heralds of Christianity is especially marked in the legend, if we take pains to gather up the little traits which are prominent in the account of every miracle and wonder. Nor is their social influence less clearly signalized by the monastic writers in their way, or less beautifully described by Barneval in his. The early alliance of the bard and the Christian priest furnishes him with a theme which he does not mar, and which, though familiar, comes before us in a new light as connected with the implanting of the truth, and also as the origin of some of the doubtful portions of the legend, where the minstrel, using his poetic license, engraved his version more deeply on the minds than the plain account of the prosaic priest.

The missionary saints of Ireland, from Saint Brendan, of whose voyage no one has yet discovered the key, down to Saint Columbanus and his associates, are the last of the tableaux which this true-hearted descendant of the Irish race exposes to our view. In the lives of the missionary saints of Ireland, as traced by Continental writers, he shows us the same characters that stamp those written in Ireland.

"They show," he says, "what a remembrance foreign countries preserved of their Irish guests. But the pure life, the sympathetic and benevolent character, the evangelic soul of these holy men, left to the nations that had welcomed them, not only poetic and marvellous inspirations, but, also, the national traditions which they bore with them from their native Isle. They taught their French and German disciples the legend of their Church, and all too that the fleas recounted of the remote origin and primitive ages of the ancient race of Heber. Strangely enough, we find these traditions in the life of an Irish saint, written at Metz in the tenth century, or, at the latest, in the early part of the eleventh. This presence, this persistence of the national traditions of Ireland among the German monks of Lorraine, is a still more interesting and remarkable fact."

But, while we linger with pleasure over the pages of Barneval, where he follows his monastic chroniclers, we cannot, with the same delight, listen to his words of doubt, his questions as to the influence of the Church on the nation, and his opinions as to Irish barbarism, drawn chiefly from Gerald Barry. These are pages which the work might well spare, and the questions demand another course of reading from that which he has so faithfully followed. The day has passed when men in their blind idolatry of trial by jury, the legal non-existence of married women, and the fictions of law which characterize the English common law, can speak with scorn and contempt of the Irish Brehon law. Only in our day has it begun to be studied and appreciated in itself and for itself. To condemn the nation as barbarous for refusing to accept a barbarous for an enlightened system, cannot be considered just even by English writers or their American imitators. And whatever Barry found worthy of his scorching condemnation at the time of Ireland's invasion by the murderer of Saint Thomas of Canterbury, the last of England's saints, one thing is certain, that every possible vice of the Irish system was continued and improved upon by the invaders, who added new vices of their own. The alleged barbarism of the Irish prior to the invasion, rests on the accusation of their enemies, but the latter, in their own annals, show their barbarity, their faithlessness, their

inhumanity, and loss of Christian truth, in their haughty denial of the unity of the human race.

As a specimen of the author's style, we take at random a part of his chapter on Saint Bridget :

"In the stories which nourished the easy faith of the Irish people, and which enlivened their misery ; in the inexhaustable yet simple story of charity, one name returns more frequently than others, it is the name of Saint Bridget. Bridget was the most generous heart, the tenderest and most feeling soul among all these holy souls, all these benovelent hearts that loved and succored poor Ireland ; but it seems, as though the popular imagination took pleasure in portraying, in the form of a woman, the sweetest of powers, the dearest of virtues 'Why,' asked the King, 'have you given to the poor the sword which I had presented to your father?' 'If my God,' replied Bridget, 'told me to give my father too, and you yourself, I would have given both with all that you possess.'" In the legend other saints, and before all Saint Patrick, represents, doubtless, Christian and apostolic perfection ; Bridget represents mercy and charity. The greatest and best had in their sanctity something dazzling and awful ; their mission was to do good, but, especially, at the same time, to govern and sometimes to punish. Bridget, too, governed. Patrick seems, in dying, to have bequeathed her his spirit, and when the Irish church at the death of her powerful apostle, seemed for an instant to halt and totter, it was Bridget who supported it and led it on its path ; she was for an instant so to say, Bishop and Primate of Ireland ; but this too human and almost masculine part of her history the people seemed to have sought to forget, so as to behold in their sweet patroness only the woman, the merciful virgin, whom they place in a radiant trinity between Patrick and Columbkille.

Bridget and Patrick were moreover as inseparable in their history as in the memory of Ireland. From the assembly at Tailten, where Patrick beheld her and adopted her as his daughter, she was attached to him ; she walked, so to speak, in his shadow ; she became also thenceforth the greatest after him in the Irish Church. "Thou art my equal," said he to her at Leth Glass. Patrick was inter-

red in the winding sheet that he would have her to make with her own hands ; and later, when Bridget died, the piety of the faithful would not suffer them to be separated in death ; their bones reposed in the same tomb, waiting for Columbkille to come and share it with them. . . .

While the people preserved her memory and repeated the wonder of her life, saints, abbots, bishops, felt it an honor to commit them to writing ; if in the time of Nennius sixty-six had written the life of Saint Patrick ; Kilian, in the eighth century, writing that of Bridget, enumerates those who had written it before him : they were Ulián, Elderan, Animosis, illustrious names in the Irish Church, without Cogitosus, and others. And who knows how many after them took up again the sweet and wonderful theme ? for biographers had not only to relate the benefits where her power and gentleness were displayed in prodigies, simple and familiar, easy doubtless to do for any Irish virgin saint, easy to be believed by any Irish auditory, but a little too vulgar perhaps to charm or strike the imagination, the ear, accustomed to miracles. Bridget had not only done good, she sometimes did it with an ingenious and lovely grace ; sometimes she was pleased to show in her works, not only the charity and power of a saint, but also the poetic and romantic imagination of a daughter of Erin.

"Virgin," cried Connal, "make haste and bless me, for my brother Corpre is on the way to kill me." Bridget blessed him ; when Corpre came up he, too, asked her benediction, and the two brothers did not recognize each other ; they embraced, and went with Bridget walking peacefully together.

In those days the saints of both sexes traversed Ireland, evangelizing and preaching, edifying the faithful by their virtues and miracles, and followed by a vast crowd, whom imagination and piety drew to their company. They visited and instructed each other, celebrating pure and holy agapæ like those of the primitive Christians. One day Bishop Broom came to Bridget followed by a great number, but they lost their way in the dense woods, and while astray night came on ; now it was a cold winter's night. But Bridget, knowing what had happened, prayed for them. And lo ! the travellers behold Bridget and her virgins coming. She led

them with their chariots and horses into a spacious house and showed them Christian hospitality, washing their feet, repairing their strength by an abundant nourishment, and preparing couches, where they soon sank into gentle slumbers. They believed, therefore, that Bridget was in the midst of them, and really received them into her house. Yet, Bridget was afar off; and when morning came, they beheld around them the forest and the spot where they halted the night before, and Bridget coming, really with her virgins, to offer them a real hospitality in her real home; for all that had passed in the night was but an illusion, miraculously effected by her prayer.

Amid this hospitable race, in this land where every house was open to the stranger, where every tribe had its guest master, its Biatach, whose lavish hospitality it generously supported, where the harp and the minstrel's song, and the joyous salutation of the host welcomed whoever knocked at the door, how could the saints but be hospitable? Happier than many others, they could pour out, without exhausting, wine and hydromel; their wealth, inexhaustible like the faith which created it, defied all prodigality. Hence, frequently we find kings with their suits, their armies even, sit down and eat their fill at the ordinary frugal, but ever miraculously renewed, table of a poor bishop or anchoret. Sometimes, even, a holy traveller would come to the succor of his host taken by surprise, and the guests, after a moment's disquiet, beheld the viands reappear on the platter, and the wine foam again around the goblet's brim. Then they blessed God, and the feast went on more joyful and more Christian than before. Nor was the verse or music wanting there, for all, austere hermits,

mystic virgins, grave abbots, venerable bishops, all were children of Erin, and the metallic chords of the national harp vibrated harmoniously to Irish ears. Bridget entered the dwelling of a king of the country of Blioch, and while awaiting the lord of the mansion, Bridget saw harps hanging on the walls: "Let us hear some chants," said she. The foster-father of the prince and his sons, who were present, excused themselves, the minstrels were away. "But, if the virgin will bless our hands," said they, "perhaps they will become skilful." Bridget blessed their hands, and they took the harps and drew forth sweet accords; and the king, as he approached his home, asked, with surprise who could perform so well. Nor did they ever after forget the art which Bridget had taught them. Such had been her welcome gift, a present as gracious as the sweet and amiable virgin who offered it.

And such were always the graces obtained of her. Who would have dared to cover himself with her blessing, in order to do evil?

Such are the accounts of the legends. And while some gathered these fantastic stories, others related the daily wonders of her life and the benefits which her solicitous mercy unceasingly scattered over the little and poor. She had passed everywhere, everywhere her charity had left ineffaceable traces, and the country of Kildare had not a rivulet, a house, or a stone, which did not relate a virtue or a miracle of Bridget. Can we wonder that so alluring a history charmed the imagination and the heart of a poetic race, and that the sweet form of the heroine shines radiantly amid the saints of the legend as the most beautiful star in the sky of Ireland.

A GEM.

SPEAK not harshly—much of care
Every human heart must bear;
Enough of shadows darkly lie
Veiled within the sunniest eye.
By thy childhood's gushing tears,
By thy griefs of after years;
By the anguish thou dost know,
Add not to another's woe.
Speak not harshly, much of sin

Dwelleth every heart within;
In its closely covered cells
Many a wayward passion dwells.
By the many hours misspent,
By the gifts to errors lent,
By the wrong thou didst not shun,
By the good thou hast not done,
With a lenient spirit scan,
The weakness of thy fellow man.

CANADIAN ESSAYS.

THE GATINEAU VALLEY.

BY JOSEPH K. FORAN.

IN one gigantic stride we pass from the Rock of Cashel to the Hills of the Gatineau. At the request of some friends we resolved to take this step for the present essay. The reason is obvious. To-day a question of most vital importance for the people of this region is upon the *tapis*, and now is the time when each and all the friends of the new railway enterprise should come forward and lend their helping hand to the advancement of so good, so noble, so patriotic, and so grateful a cause.

People who dwell in the eastern and western portions of Canada have no idea of the country that lies between the ridges of the Laurentian range from the Lieveve to the Gatineau. They must come, and with their own eyes see the land, meet the people, examine the hills, explore the valleys, before they can imagine the remotest picture of what the reality is.

On Monday, the tenth of October, a party of engineers, surveyors, etc., left Ottawa for the village of Maninoki, which is at the union of the rivers Desert and Gatineau, some 85 miles from the Capital, there to commence operations and trace a line for the "Gatineau Valley Railway."

While these parties are so engaged in the first steps so necessary in such an enterprise, we will strive, in a few lines, to give a short account of a trip up the Gatineau—or rather to give an idea of what the country is celebrated for.

It is, without a doubt, a romantic and wild region—fertile, rich, and beautiful. But, first of all, we would remark that it is a *most hospitable* country. From Chelsea to the Desert, stop where you will, you will ever find an open house, a smiling face, a cheerful host, a good meal and a comfortable bed to greet and invite you. Leave Ottawa in the morning, just at dawn, and drive along slowly until you find yourself at the top of the first Chelsea hill; there pause to contemplate the approach of morning, as the herald rays glimmer in the far east and illumine by degrees the purple hills that sublimely

tower above each other until they blend with the distant sky. On through Chelsea and past the cascades until you reach the mouth of the Le Peche river. You are by this time anxious for dinner. The road along is splendidly gravelled and macadamized, the scenery is gorgeous but very wild. You see before naught but frowning hills, until all at once, as you round a projecting rock beneath you, on the shore of a silvery bay lies the village of the Peche. Thence you proceed through the rest of Wakefield, and Lowe, and Aylwin, until you find yourself in the township of Wright. Stag Creek is behind you; you have crossed the Kazubozna (more properly called the Kazupissua, signifying *a little sound under*), and finally you see the wild and dark hills that flank the Pickanock. Joshua Ellard's place is left behind, Victoria farm is past, and you are in the pretty village of Wright.

Thence you proceed some twenty-eight miles through Bauchette until you reach the line that marks at once the township of Maninoki and the Indian reserve. Here you come into a vast and fertile tract of level land. All of this land is the property of the sons of the forest. As you approach Maninoki, your way lies along a semi-circle of hills. Far to the north are the mountains of the eagle, and you see the slopes through which the desert and Gatineau sweep, until they meet at your feet. Upon the top-most rock that o'erhangs the river stands a magnificent cut stone church, built by the Rev. Fathers of the Oblate Order. The statue of the Blessed Virgin Mary upon its summit is on a level with the highest mountain of the range. (Maninoki means the village or town of Mary). Unfortunately a few weeks ago this beautiful statue was shattered by the lightning. Beneath you the village stretches off, terrace over terrace, and in the valley beneath, you "may tell by the smoke that so gracefully curls above the tall elms" a wigwam is near. Tent after tent is seen in the nooks and corners of the sloping land. Perchance

a more picturesque and sublime panorama is not presented to the view of man. Such is the route to follow, if you desire to drive up the Gatineau. When the railway will be finished a still more beautiful and interesting portion of the country will spread out before the traveller. Now let us see, in what the valley of the Gatineau is rich ! In three things—1st, in its fertile soil ; 2nd, in its mineral wealth ; 3rd, in its cattle and sheep. Taking up each of these points we will strive to prove that a more enviable spot is not in Canada to be found, and as Mr. Murray Mitchell said, "it is a wonder why years ago a railway was not attempted along the Gatineau river."

The soil is fertile—what better proof can be had than the exhibits of grain, of roots, etc., the admiration and cause of astonishment for the strangers who chanced to assist at the last exhibition at the Pickanock. The exhibition took place on the 29th of September last, and amongst those present were : Messrs. Murray Mitchell, of England ; Alonzo Wright, M. P. ; Patrick Baskerville, M. P. P. ; Dr. Duhamel, M. P. P. ; Mr. Forbes, of Ottawa ; Mr. Bainbridge, of Wright ; Mr. McGöey, of Aylmer ; Mr. Klock, of Eardley, and a host of others. The unanimous verdict was, that the produce of the valley of the Gatineau, is equal to, if not the superior of, any other district in Quebec or Ontario. Miles upon miles of land still remain as it were in the arms of nature, covered with thick woods and dense forests, the luxuriance of which is an infallible index of the fertility of the soil. However, all the land that has yet been placed under cultivation is really wonderful in its happy results. But of what utility the soil, if there be not the men of nerve and of will to work it ? And surely such are the chief characteristics of the people of that region. Casting one's eye along the phalanx of sun-browned, toil-enobled faces that present themselves to the view, as they collect upon such an occasion as that of an exhibition, no person can feel otherwise than that success must follow inevitably in the track of their exertions. With pure air from the mountains to give vigor, with pure food from the soil to impart strength, with all that is requisite to harden the frame and preserve a youth even in age, with young men who labor, and old men who, from experience,

can direct, the sons of the Gatineau Valley can well say :

"Age will come on with its winter,
Tho' happiness hideth its snows,
And if youth has its duty of labor,
The birthright of age is repose."

But despite all those advantages, one great and all important one is wanting. They have men to work, a soil to till, and fruits to recompense their exertions, but they have no market. This, indeed, is essential to success, and until a railway is built along their valley they can have no real market. Ottawa is their natural outlet, and to Ottawa they must sooner or later come. A city that is connected by railways with the east, the west or the south, should certainly have a line—a link joining it with that fertile region of the north. The sooner, therefore, the idea of the road is put into execution, the better for Ottawa, the better for Canada, and most decidedly the better for the whole valley of the Gatineau.

The valley we said was rich in its mineral wealth. This is a question too extensive to enter upon in a few pages. We can only say that the action of French and English capitalists should be sufficient to show to the world what immense wealth lies hidden deep down in the veins of the Laurentians. Is it iron you seek ? We need not pass Chelsea, where for years upon years iron has been taken out in a pure state, as pure at all events as the Wicklow iron, and were it not for the difficulties of the road, further up immense deposits of this useful and precious ore could be found and utilized.

There is another mineral to-day of greater value than even iron—we refer to phosphate. How many places in Europe (Bordeau for example, where it is used to fertilize the soil for the grape) and throughout the States, would they not give any money to have the thousandth part of the pure phosphate that we find in Portland and Wakefield.

What would Europeans say if they heard of a country where the very bridges along the highway are propt up and supported on piles of pure green and pink phosphate ? They would say it must be some new addition of the Arabian Nights that we read. And yet go along from the Pêche to Lowe, and you will find such to be the real case.

Follow along through the country and

you will see on all sides positive indications of phosphate. There is to be seen sparkling in the sun-rays, the dustlike mica that ever and always accompanies this precious ore. See the pyroxine and feldspar that peep out from the rocks along the road, with here and there a surface show of the phosphate itself.

But of what use is all that? there is no market. Yes there is a market, for the world is a market for it; but there is no means of reaching the world. A railway is required and must be had, or else that mighty source of revenue will be idle as it has been since the dawn of creation. Let the geologist who reads this, and has an opportunity of visiting the hills of the Pickanock, kindly study the rocks there and inform the public whether silver is not at a short distance therefrom or not!

We say the country can be rich in its cattle and sheep.

Why is Irish, Scotch, and Swiss mutton so excellent? Merely because the sheep live on the mountains, eat the wild thyme, and other herbs most tasteful to them. Here is a region where for miles and miles the flocks of sheep and herds of cattle might graze without in any way touching upon the fertile valleys, and where they would require scarcely any care. The beef and mutton to-day upon the Gatineau surpasses anything in Canada. The sheep bring one hundred per cent. The wool, the lambs, the mutton, all put together, would soon serve to enrich the people. Yet they have no market for them; again without a railway they must abide with their present stock; they have no stimulus to push them on; they have no encouragement to renew or increase that stock.

We say it is not only a local, but even a national undertaking, that of building a railway up that valley. The days of poetry are gone by, and the iron hand of reality has set its grasp upon the people.

GREEN PARK, AYLMEY, P. Q.

However, still—

"We have a new romance in fireships thro' the
tame seas glancing,
And the snorting, and the prancing of the mighty
engine steed."

It is a shame to see such a land, that might be the garden of our country, so long neglected. Only of late years have outsiders thought proper to examine the valley of the Gatineau. The people themselves never really pushed themselves forward. They worked, and toiled but scarcely ever came out before the world to exhibit what they could do. It is now time they should look things in the face, and since the grand scheme is on foot, to aid in its advancement, progress, and success. By cultivating well their lands, by shewing what they can do, by being generous in their grants when required, by joining in their common cause, they can in a few years—very few—do wonders.

The bell of humanity has long since rung out its deep tones of alarm, the procession of civilization is on its march these many years—if we desire to join in the ranks of progress and not to be left at a distance post, it is full time to take up arms, to snatch up the axe and pick and fall in—

"Ah! little they know of true happiness,
They whom satiety fills,
Who flung on the rich breast of luxury,
Eat of the rankness that kills.

"But blessed the child of humanity,
Happiest man amongst men,
Who with hammer, or chisel, or pencil,
With rudder, or ploughshare or pen,"

Labors to win a home, and struggles for the advancement of his cause, that of his family, of his neighbor, of his friends, of his country, and of God.

May the hills of the upper Gatineau soon resound to the whistle of the iron horse, is our fervent wish!

THE blamed are less inclined to resist when they are blamed without witnesses; both parties are calmer, and the accused party is struck with the forbearance of the accuser, who has seen the fault, and watched for a private and proper time for mentioning it.

In all your contentions, let peace be rather your object than triumph.

Do not attempt to frighten your children and inferiors by passion: it does more harm to your own character than it does good to them; the same thing is better done by firmness and persuasion.

DECAY OF NATIONS.

SELECTED.

WE exult in our temporal prosperity. It is the absorbing idea of our day. Protestantism has in a manner deified and made it a test of Gospel truth, and they cite poverty, non-progress, as evidences of the absence of what they most betoken the spirit of Christ, who bade his disciples lay up treasures not on earth but in heaven. Where our progress is to stop we cannot see. The universe is laid under contribution, the earth is forced to yield its most abundant crops, and utterly exhausted by the eagerness of the cultivator, who sends his fleets to far distant seas to gather from desert isles as a precious treasure the very manure which his effete land requires. Every acre is forced to yield its utmost: every plant and substance analyzed, that no useful part be lost. Machines too come to shorten the labor and achieve what thousands of human hands would fail to accomplish. Our wants are multiplied, the expenses of life fairly centupled in the memory of man, and yet we rush heedlessly on as though no change could come over the scene.

Material prosperity is a temporal reward: it is given for a day, often it would seem to raise men's thoughts to God as the giver of all, and suddenly, fearfully withdrawn, when ingratitude, sin and rebellion are all the return for the favors lavished from the Almighty hand. Is it not strange how strikingly the ruin of great commercial cities are depicted by the inspired penman! how grand are the pictures of ruin which they set before us! The great Babylon of the Apocalypse is a great commercial city. "And the merchants of the earth shall weep and mourn over her: for no man shall buy their merchandise any more. The merchants . . . who were made rich shall stand afar off from her for fear of her torments . . . and every ship-master and all that sail into the lake and mariners, and as many as work in the sea . . . cried, weeping and mourning, saying: 'Alas! alas! that great city, wherein all were made rich, that had ships at sea by reason of her price, for in one hour she is made desolate.'"^{*} "And the

voice of harpers and of musicians, and of them that play on the pipe and on the trumpet, shall no more be heard at all in thee: and no craftsman of any art whatsoever shall be found any more at all in thee: and the sound of the mill shall be heard no more at all in thee: and the light of the lamp shall shine no more at all in thee: and the voice of the bridegroom and the bride shall be heard no more at all in thee: for thy merchants were the great men of the earth, for all have been deceived by their enchantments."[†] How completely and terribly is here pictured of the ruin of the great seaport, the emporium of commerce, with its merchant princes, its fleets couring every sea! How vividly before our minds rises the picture of the ruin of a London, a New York, with its forests of masts that line its shores all wrapt in flames, girding it with a wall of fire, while within the explosions hurl the stately piles in fragments into the air, and the tall spire, the massive dome, the enduring arch, come crashing to the earth, and the spreading flames run on as if gambolling at their work, and wooing all to ruin with a kiss.

Read over our Saviour's words as recorded by the Evangelists. See how often he returns to the simile of the ruin of Tyre and Sidon: how often he holds up the fearful ruin of those two great commercial cities as a case of God's judgment, which the unrepenting cities were hurried to by their crimes; crimes so great that God vouchsafed them no special call to repentance.

Sidon and Tyre, cities of the Phœnicians, were emporiums whose merchants did not yield in enterprise or activity to ours: the former claims the invention of navigation, glass and letters; and Homer, to express their superiority in every art, styles them *poluaidaloi*. Seated on the hillside, hemmed in with groves and gardens, she slept in delight, and as her vessels came from every land she exulted in her power and glory, heedless of the ruin that might overtake her. Tyre, too, securely built on the island, where for months she

^{*}Apoc. xviii, 11-19.

[†]Id. 22, 25.

defied Psalmanazar and his Assyrian host for five years, after defeating him on their element, the sea, seemed destined to continue forever her career of glory.

The houses of these great cities were palaces; the products of India, Persia and Africa, amber from the Baltic, pearls and precious tin from England and Ireland, and more precious gold from Spain, with the tributes from Northern Africa, Sicily, Cyprus and Greece, adorned her markets: filled already with the works of Phœnician industry, the fabric of Sidonian looms, and the needlework of Tyrian maidens: the golden vase, the precious stone, the richly carved articles. Colonies in every land upheld the power of Phœnician, every sea formed a school for her navigators, every nation furnished her customers. But why attempt to picture her splendor, when the prophet Ezechiel has so splendidly portrayed it in the prophecy of its fall, a prophecy that remains almost the sole page of its history? And why was the doom pronounced, why was no hour of repentance given to Tyre and Sidon, as it was to Nineveh, as it was to Capernaum and Bethsaida? "By the multitude of thy merchandise, thy inner parts were filled with iniquity, and thou hast sinned and thy heart was filled up with thy beauty: thou hast lost thy wisdom in thy beauty, I have cast thee to the ground: I have set thee before the face of kings that they might behold thee. Thou hast defiled thy sanctuaries with the multitude of thy iniquities, and by the iniquity of thy traffic: therefore will I bring forth a fire from the midst of thee to devour thee, and I will make thee as ashes upon the earth in the sight of all that see thee."

And how fearfully they fell: by fire and sword, and pestilence, and slow decay,

and gradual unnoticed ruin, till a few columns mark the site of one, and a deceit of the other, for you think to find a large city, and it proves to be a few hovels. Their language even has so vanished that naught remains but a few words in a Latin comedy, and proud Phœnicia leaves no memorial in Tyre, or Carthage, at Carthage, or in Ireland.

They stand a lesson. God is the master of the universe: if we forget Him and place all our trust in wealth and progress if we esteem the world as a mere field given us to utilize for our glory and grandeur the bitter undeceit will come. Power will pass to other lands and other climes. By sudden overthrow or gradual decline the great port may become desolate: in the hands of God the grains of sand can thus change the fate of empires, the currents of the ocean close the channels of commerce. There is a forgetfulness of God: and as men live without God in the world, it cannot but awaken in Christians fears that the days of God's chastening are at hand. No country has risen with a prosperity to example ours, but our sins are those of Tyre and Sidon: we deem ourselves all-sufficient. The very poets of modern paganism warn us—

"Cities of proud hotels,
Houses of rich and great,
Vice nestles in your chambers
Beneath your roofs of slate.
It cannot conquer folly,
Time-and-space-conquering steam
And the light-outspeeding telegraph
Bears nothing on its beam.
The politics are base;
The letters do not cheer;
And 'tis far in the depths of history
The voice that speaketh clear.
Trade and the streets ensnare us,
Our bodies are weak and worn:
We plot and corrupt each other,
And we despoil the unborn."

NATURE'S GENTLEMAN.

HE wisely yields his passions up to reason's firm control;
His pleasures are of crimeless kind, and never taint the soul;
He may be thrown among the gay and reckless sons of life,
But will not love the revel scene, or heed the brawling strife:
He wounds no breast with jeer or jest, yet bears no honeyed tongue;
He's social with the grey-haired one, and merry with the young;
He gravely shares the council-speech, or joins the rustic game,
And shines as Nature's gentleman—in every place the same.

FRENCH AND ENGLISH CHARACTERISTICS.

WASHINGTON IRVING IN PARIS.

As I am a mere looker-on in Europe, and hold myself as much as possible aloof from its quarrels and prejudices, I feel something like one overlooking a game, who, without any great skill of his own, can occasionally perceive the blunders of much abler players. This neutrality of feeling enables me to enjoy the contrasts of character presented in this time of general peace; when the various peoples of Europe, who have so long been sundered by wars, are brought together, and placed side by side in this great gathering-place of nations. No greater contrast, however, is exhibited, than that of the French and English. The peace has deluged this gay capital with English visitors of all ranks and conditions. They throng every place of curiosity and amusement; fill the public gardens, the galleries, the cafes, saloons, theatres; always herding together, never associating with the French. The two nations are like two threads of different colors, tangled together, but never blended.

In fact, they present a continual antithesis, and seem to value themselves in being unlike each other; yet each have their peculiar merits, which should entitle them to each other's esteem. The French intellect is quick and active. It flashes its way into a subject with the rapidity of lightning; seizes upon remote conclusions with a sudden bound, and its deductions are almost intuitive. The English intellect is less rapid, but more persevering; less sudden, but more sure in its deductions. The quickness and mobility of the French enable them to find enjoyment in the multiplicity of sensations. They speak and act more from immediate impressions than from reflection and meditation. They are therefore more social and communicative; more fond of society, and of places of public resort and amusement. An Englishman is more reflective in his habits. He lives in the world of his own thoughts, and seems more self-existent and self-dependent. He loves the quiet of his own apartment; even when abroad, he in a manner makes a little solitude

around him by his silence and reserve: he moves about shy and solitary, and as it were, buttoned up, body and soul.

The French are great optimists; they seize upon every good as it flies, and revel in the passing pleasure. The Englishman is too apt to neglect the present good, in preparing against the possible evil. However adversities may lower, let the sun shine but for a moment, and forth sallies the mercurial Frenchman, in holiday dress and holiday spirits, gay as a butterfly, as though his sunshine were perpetual; but let the sun beam never so brightly, so there be but a cloud in the horizon, the wary Englishman ventures forth distrustfully, with his umbrella in his hand.

The Frenchman has a wonderful facility at turning small things to advantage. No one can be gayer or more luxurious on smaller means; no one requires less expense to be happy. He practices a kind of gilding in his style of living, and hammers out every guinea into gold leaf. The Englishman, on the contrary, is expensive in his habits, and expensive in his enjoyments. He values every thing, whether useful or ornamental, by what it costs. He has no satisfaction in show, unless it be solid and complete. Every thing goes with him by the square foot. Whatever display he makes, the depth is sure to equal the surface.

The Frenchman's habitation, like himself, is open, cheerful, bustling, and noisy. He lives in a part of a great hotel, with wide portal, paved court, a spacious stone staircase, and a family on every floor. All is clatter and chatter. He is good-humored and talkative with his servants, sociable with his neighbors, and complaisant to all the world. Any body has access to himself and his apartments; his very bedroom is open to visitors, whatever may be its state of confusion; and all this not from any peculiarly hospitable feeling, but from that communicative habit which predominates over his character.

The Englishman, on the contrary, ensconces himself in a snug brick mansion, which he has all to himself; locks the

front door; puts broken bottles along his walls, and spring-guns and man-traps in his gardens; shrouds himself with trees and window-curtains; exults in his quiet and privacy, and seems disposed to keep out noise, daylight, and company. His house, like himself, has a reserved, inhospitable exterior; yet whoever gains admittance, is apt to find a warm heart and a warm fireside within.

The French excel in wit; the English in humor; the French have gayer fancy, the English richer imaginations. The former are full of sensibility; easily moved, and prone to sudden and great excitement; but their excitement is not durable: the English are more phlegmatic; not so readily affected, but capable of being aroused to great enthusiasm. The faults of these opposite temperaments are, that the vivacity of the French is apt to sparkle up and be frothy, the gravity of the English to settle down and grow muddy. When the two characters can be fixed in a medium, the French kept from effervescence and the English from stagnation, both will be found excellent.

This contrast of character may also be noticed in the great concerns of the two

nations. The ardent Frenchman is all for military renown; he fights for glory, that is to say, for success in arms. For, provided the national flag be victorious, he cares little about the expense, the injustice, or the inutility of the war. It is wonderful how the poorest Frenchman will revel on a triumphant bulletin; a great victory is meat and drink to him; and at the sight of a military sovereign, bringing home captured cannon and captured standards, he throws up his cap in the air, and is ready to jump out of his shoes for joy.

John Bull, on the contrary, is a reasoning, considerate person. If he does wrong, it is in the most rational way imaginable. He fights because the good of the world requires it. He is a moral person, and makes war upon his neighbor for the maintenance of peace and good order, and sound principles. He is a money-making personage, and fights for the prosperity of commerce and manufactures. Thus the two nations have been fighting, time out of mind, for glory and good. The French, in pursuit of glory, have had their capital twice taken; and John, in pursuit of good, has run himself over head and ears in debt.

[In this last paragraph Mr. Irving makes a great mistake. England seldom fought for any but personal ends. Self-interest was her object in the wars of William, Anne, and the Georges, in her attitude towards America at the time of the Revolution, and in her dealings with Ireland during the whole period of the occupation.—ED. HARP.]

SISTER MIRENE.

AN EPISODE OF THE SYRIAN MASSACRE.

CHAPTER IV.—(Continued.)

"THIS is horrible!" cried Sulema. "You can stay if you like; I shall go and shut myself in my own room, there to pray Allah mercy."

She went, and the young girl left alone to her thoughts was roused, after a time, from her stupor by a voice which called twice:

"Nad-ji-e-da! Nad-ji-e-da!"

"Again!" cried the young Arab, springing to her feet. "This time I cannot be deceived; I am sure I heard my name. Who calls?" she asked in a louder tone.

"'Tis I!" answered a soft but hurried voice.

On the roof of Mr. Herbelin's house a young girl stood upright and motionless. The moon shone clear and full upon her. Her fair hair falling over her shoulders,

her face pale as death, and her dress all of white gave her such a weird appearance that she appeared not of this earth.

"Gabrielle!" cried Nad-ji-e-da, "is it you or your ghost?"

It was evidently Gabrielle in the flesh, for with a cry of joy and a firm step, she sprang upon the parapet preparing to spring across.

"Do not leap! do not leap!" cried Nad-ji-e-da with terror. "Stay—"

Seizing a plank of olive wood, she threw it with all her strength across the chasm, and then stood breathless awaiting Gabrielle's coming.

A few steps and the two girls were in each other's embrace. Gabrielle wept bitterly and convulsively in the arms of her friend.

"Dearest," asked Nad-ji-e-da, "what is the matter? What has befallen you? Calm yourself; you are in safety now. But why have you left your convent, where you were beyond all danger? Do your parents know of your return? They have been absent this week back. I am glad you are all safe."

"Hide me! hide me! Do not let them come in! They are following!" cried Gabrielle convulsively.

Nada sprang to throw down the plank.

"They are following you?" she asked with anxiety.

"Yes, yes, they are coming; they will be here immediately. Oh! Nada, we cannot escape them."

"Nay, nay, sister, you are mistaken. There is no one here. Calm yourself and be reasonable. If you have been in danger, which I can well believe, you are at least now in safety. Breathe, then, freely, and reassure yourself."

She made her sit down beside her, and with kind words and caresses sought to tranquillize her fluttered spirits. When she saw her somewhat reassured, she gently led her to unfold her troubles.

"Tell me, my Gabrielle, why you tremble, and why you are thus alone at such an hour and in such a place?"

"Oh, Nada," replied the young French girl, burying her face on her friend's bosom, "it is so terrible, that I know not how I have survived."

"But why did you leave your convent? There you were safe."

"Safe! Listen, and I will tell you all. Two hours ago, without provocation or warning, all the consulates, excepting that of England, every house not inhabited by Turk, or Drisse, or Englishman, was broken into, pillaged, set fire to, and its inhabitants put to the sword. On all sides you see dead bodies and burning ruins. If this part of the city has been spared, it is because my father's house is the only one inhabited by a Christian. Nor was our convent spared. Two priests brought us the news of the terrible massacre, and exhorted us to meet death with the resignation of martyrs. Two hundred young girls knelt down to pray. A crowd of Turks and Druses broke in the doors, and when they found us kneeling in prayer, they set upon us with sword and spear, sparing neither age nor sex. The

two priests were the first to fall transfixed with spears and slashed with swords. In the confusion I fled into the court and threw myself down at the foot of a clump of orange trees, more in the hope of finding time to say a last prayer than through any expectation of escaping. The very simplicity of my hiding-place seems to have saved me. None entered the court. When night came on and all was silent in the convent, I gained the street. Here I was in even more danger. Crowds of fugitives were streaming along, stumbling and falling over the prostrate forms of the dead and wounded. Amidst this horrid scene I never lost my way, but made straight for my father's house. When I got there I found it deserted. Chalib, to whom my father had confided it, had doubtless joined the rout to see the slaughter, if not to take part in it. I entered the house, and ran through it from room to room. Finding no one, I came up upon the roof, where I recognized you in the moonlight. I called, but at that moment I saw Sulema seated at your side, and I dared not call again until I saw her descend."

"Dear girl, how you have suffered! But stay—I hear footsteps. It is my father. Hide yourself or we are lost."

"I will cross to my father's house."

"It is too late. I have thrown down the plank."

Gabrielle looked around in despair. At a short distance was a large, wide-mouthed vase of black marble, once used for trailing plants, but now empty. Into this she crept, and as she crouched down in it, Nad-ji-e-da threw over it the white gauze shawl from her shoulders. A minute after Djelaib appeared on the terrace. The Sheik of the Stars was a man of immense stature, still young and active. He was simply dressed in a camel hair tunic, with a cashmere girdle supporting his yatagan. His dark eyes sparkled like two diamonds under his white turban, and his long beard, trimmed and perfumed in oriental fashion, gave to his olive complexion and angular proportions a singularly barbaric appearance.

He drew towards him a pile of cushions and placing them at the base of the black marble vase lay down upon them.

"I thought you had gone to your room long ago, and I was greatly surprised to learn that you had obstinately determined

to remain on the terrace in spite of the lateness of the night."

"Is it then so late?" stammered Nad-ji-e-da.

"Late or not, a young Druse girl does not stay without veil and alone in a solitary place when the night has come on."

"It was, father; how could I dare to sleep when so many unfortunate people suffer and are dying."

"That is a sensitiveness which does you honor," remarked Djelaib, with an air of indifference. "Amrou appears to have inspired you with a crowd of beautiful sentiments, which you avail yourself of as circumstances may require. I am delighted. It is becoming in young girls. I should remark to you also that your vigils will be long if you are determined not to sleep until blood ceases to flow in Damascus."

Nad-ji-e-da shuddered.

"What!" said she, "is it not yet finished?"

"Finished, indeed! We have only begun. Hechem is far from satiated. He will say to his children 'That is enough,' when the last of his enemies shall bite the dust."

"O God! what terrible words cried Nad-ji-e-da. "They pierce my heart, and my soul revolts against them."

Djelaib raised himself upon his left arm, and shading his eyes with the right, so that the rays of the moon, and the lurid glare of the incendiaries might not dazzle him, fixed his eyes intently upon his daughter.

"Who has taught you to think thus?" he asked, in a voice hoarse with rage.

"No one, father. It is my conscience that teaches me that he who kills is an assassin."

"Not always. For example—when he who kills is your father do you call him an assassin?"

"You! you!" cried she. "Oh no! no! that cannot be possible. Oh no! do not tell me that you have been with these murderers! I should die."

"Die, then, most sensitive young woman!" replied he, turning on his cushions and drawing the shawl from the marble vase.

"Die!" repeated he, "for it is very certain that this hand since sunrise has made twenty-three of the enemies of Hechem bite the dust."

"Twenty-three!" cried Nad-ji-e-da, "twenty-three! Oh, then there is no longer any doubt. It was you."

"Certainly it was I. What do you mean with your scared look?"

Nad-ji-e-da hid her face in the cushions, repeating with a look of intense horror:

"You! you! I shall die. I shall die."

"Foolish child! you cease not to repeat that threat. Of what will you die?"

"It was you then I saw there—there—a short time ago."

"Yes, truly. It was in front of this house I struck down the twenty-second, a French—"

"Father! father!" interrupted Nad-ji-e-da clasping her hands, "do not tell me more, I entreat you."

"Why should I not? Is there any one to hear? And if there were, I have no wish to keep it secret. You have no idea how strange an adventure I had with this twenty-second. Shall I tell it you?"

"Oh, no! for pity, no!"

"As you wish, and yet it would have interested you. It is a history well adapted for sweet young girls. But you are not listening, Nada."

"No, father, no."

"Listen to me, Nada. Turn your eyes on me, and do not keep them fixed upon that marble vase. If it is this shawl that attracts you, I will throw it into the street."

"Why should I care for a shawl, father?"

"I know not. Young girls have strange fancies. But we must drive away these foolish vanities which do not become a mountain child, much less one belonging to the sect of the Aekals, as you know they must wear neither gauze nor ribbons nor flowers."

"But I am not yet initiated, father."

"No, but you are of an age now to be instructed in our mysteries. In a few days I shall give you over to the priestess."

"But I do not wish it," cried Nad-ji-e-da in a resolute tone, and rising to her feet.

"Wish it!" exclaimed Djelaib in astonishment.

"I tell you father, I will not join this sect of fanatics."

"Because?"

"Because I do not believe in the divinity of Hechem, because I abhor the crimes that have just been committed in his name, because I adore the God who

pardons, the God who is all kindness and mercy, who rejects the murderer and teaches us to love our brethren as ourselves—in a word I believe in the God of the Christians and not in your God.”

“You are crazy, child,” cried the Sheik, grinding his teeth.

“No, I am a Christian,” replied the young girl as she threw herself on her knees, and turned her face towards the ground.

Djelaib regarded her in silence, as he parted her beautiful black tresses with the point of his yatagan.

“When I slay you,” said he in a calm voice, “the evil will have to be without remedy. Rise, I pardon you—yes, I pardon you all the more willingly because in less than a month the priestess will inspire you with far other sentiments—but woe to those who have put these foolish ideas into your head. Did Sulema do this?”

“No, father; Sulema is a fervent adorer of Allah.”

“Your uncle?”

“No.”

“Well, then, who? tell me; I demand it.”

“But, father—”

“Speak, Nad-ji-e-da, speak,” said he, touching her with the point of his yatagan.

“Father, you may kill me, but I will betray no one.”

“The Sheik arose and walked in deep agitation along the terrace.

“To kill you would be easy, and if you were not my own daughter. I have thrown numbers this night from their terraces into the street, and with as little ceremony as I throw this shawl.”

He seized the shawl from the marble vase, and in doing so saw the white tresses of the trembling Gabrielle. She, rising resolutely, stood up in the vase, looking like some fair lily blooming therein. Leaping to the ground she fearlessly approached the Sheik.

“Segnior Djelaib, I am the friend of your daughter, and it is I who have taught her Christian truths.”

“Nad-ji-e-da!” interrupted the Sheik, “this girl is a Christian?”

“Yes,” answered Gabrielle, in sweet, but firm voice. “By the grace of God I am a Christian.”

“It is she who has taught you the worship of Issa.”

“It is I, Segnior Djelaib.”

The Sheik seized up the shawl which he had thrown from him, and throwing it round the slender waist of the young girl, who offered no resistance, he lifted her up by it, and casting her over the parapet, held her there, balanced in mid-air.

“Oh father! father!” cried Nad-ji-e-da, in frantic accents. “It is my life you hold there suspended; if you kill Gabrielle I shall die.”

“If I kill whom?” asked the Sheik as he drew back the poor girl from the fearful position and placed her now senseless upon the cushions.

“Gabrielle! Gabrielle Herbelin!” cried Nad-ji-e-da, as she fell on her knees by the side of her unconscious friend.

“Gabrielle Herbelin!” said he softly, and in a tone of surprise. “It is written—let her live—I have promised it.”

—H. B.

(TO BE CONTINUED.)

PROGRESS OF LIFE.

MEN rejoice when the sun is risen; they also rejoice when it goes down, while they are unconscious of the decay of their own lives. Men rejoice on seeing the face of a new season, as at the arrival of one greatly desired. Nevertheless, the revolution of seasons is the decay of human life. Fragments of drift-wood meeting in the wide ocean continue together a little space; thus parents, wives, children, friends and riches remain with us a short time, then separate—and the separation is inevitable. No mortal can

escape the common lot; he who mourns for a departed relative, has no power to cause them to return. One standing on the road would readily say to a number of persons passing by, I will follow you. Why, then, should a person grieve, when journeying the same road which has been assuredly trodden by all our forefathers? Life resembles a cataract rushing down with irresistible impetuosity. Knowing that the end of life is death, every right-minded man ought to pursue that which is connected with happiness and ultimate bliss.

KINDRED TIES.

How strong is the chain of affection that binds
Together while on our sad pilgrimage here !
Where'er we may wander each object reminds us
Of some absent loved one—some friend ever dear.
Though wide trackless forests, though mountains divide us,
Though rivers and oceans between us may roll,
And, though the black midnight of distance may hide us,
Those dear kindred ties still unite us in soul !
How often in fancy those soft mellow voices
That blessed us in infancy fall on the ear ;
We woo the loved sound, and the spirit rejoices,
Though but in a dream, that sweet music to hear !

Oh ! whose heart has not thrilled in the stillness of night,
When dreaming he gazed in his dear mother's face,
And who has not melted with tender delight,
When folded he sank in her ardent embrace !
Who, who does not nurse in his bosom the flame
Enkindled by memories of childhood and home !
Oh ! is there a heart that throbs not at the name
Of mother, though doomed from her presence to roam ?
Who does not recall, with emotions of pleasure,
The smiles of a father, his fervent caress !
Such memories are jewels—a rich, priceless treasure,
And, oh ! may they ever each kind bosom bless !

The heart may be crushed by the writhing of anguish,
The phases of fortune be blighted and drear,
Yet, e'en in the dungeon, the victim will languish
For those who in life's radiant morning were dear !
Through sunlight and darkness, through triumph and sorrow,
This bright burnished chain will its lustre retain,
No sheen from prosperity e'er will it borrow,
And still, 'mid the tempest, undimmed 'twill remain.
E'en death and the grave those ties can not sever ;
We look from the charnel's dark gloom to the skies,
Where faith, hope, and charity bind us for ever,
And ne'er will be broken those dear kindred ties.

GLASS HOUSES.

BY A SHREWD OBSERVER.

NOR having any great relish for green peas or fresh strawberries in November, and preferring at all times the humblest daisy to the most flaunting exotic, we do not purpose writing a scientific essay on the construction of those edifices wherein men rear their unseasonable delicacies, and generally at an expense out of all proportion to the result. Our intention is to treat solely of the baseless and visionary fabrics beneath which men endeavor to conceal those pet vices and frailties which, though so pleasant—and often profitable—to the owners, would lose much of their charm if exposed to the vulgar eye. Alas! they little dream of the fragile nature of the materials they have used in constructing the airy dwelling, or of its insecurity, until on a sudden a small stone crashes through the roof, and the hidden imposture is revealed amidst the contemptuous sneers and the unrestrained delight of the bystanders, who ever sympathise rather with the injurers than with the injured.

The love of sport—seasoned with destruction to show the presence of power—is inherent in the human mind, and the pleasures of mischief have a fascination which few can at all times withstand. As boys, undeterred by the presence of a policeman round the corner, will throw stones at the obtrusive and convenient hot-house, so men will chuck their equally destructive pellets of the brain at whatever for the moment arouses their pugnacity, without entertaining the slightest fear of interference on the part of the critics. For even as the material guardian over material property, on the plea of protecting the master's house, will be guilty of petty felony at the faltering voice of the beloved cook; so the moral policeman, on the plea of protecting the public from the attacks of others, will be often guilty of the most fearful scurrility, and though his duty is to promote social order, will sometimes contrive to mar matters rather than to mend them.

Though, from the weakness of human nature, we are all of us apt to covet the goods and chattels of our wealthier brethren,

yet our envy does not extend to the desire of sharing in their moral qualities; and, from the prince to the peasant, we are prone individually to say, "Lord, I thank thee that thou hast not made me like other men;" and then we go over the catalogue of the follies and frailties of our neighbors, and wantonly cause sad havoc to their moral glass houses, foolishly believing that our own modest structure is either too modest and unpretentious to attract notice, or else that it is so carefully constructed as to be proof against any attack from without. "Ah! you poor self-deluded man," as our unctuous friend the Reverend Ebenezer Slapbang, that mighty pillar of the tabernacle, would say; "the gentleman in black laughs at your ingenuity, and in spite of your stone and iron and cement will find his way into your dwelling; and, even so, there shall be a faulty spot in your moral edifice through which the stone of the assailant shall crash, and leave you weeping amidst the shattered ruins."

National glass houses have the first claim on the philosopher's attention on account of the numerical strength both of the assailants and the defenders; but, as is usually the result of employing too many hands in the construction, those edifices are less impregnable than those reared by, or under the supervision of, a single mind. The British glass house is a large and important structure, with a solidity of masonry by no means proportionate to the lightness of the roof, the materials of which are of as perishable a nature as is the miserable stucco of our actual dwelling-houses. But, in a political point of view, there is a great resemblance between the national glass houses of every country. Like the shops "open to supply the public with pure Alton ale," they have been erected ostensibly for supplying the world with those blessings peculiarly in the power of each respective nation to bestow. But whether it be "free trade," promoted by the ships of England; "liberty, equality, and fraternity," proclaimed by the eagles of France;

or "German unity," established by the needle-guns of Prussia, the real motive has ever been selfish greed ; and when the harbingers of "peace and good will," whether "commercial delegate," "proconsul," or military "Meinherr," have obtained a momentary success in the spread of their doctrines, it has always been accompanied by a draft at sight on the fortunate recipients of a nation's favor. "But if I am to pay so much for the blessing, I don't want it," says the poor victim. "No matter," replies the benevolent promoter of public welfare, "you must pay all the same, and you will receive hereafter the full benefit of the gift we offer you."

Hereafter, indeed ! Oh, yes ! at such time when another glorious benefactor shall arrive with a bran new gift under his arm, and shall say to the eye-staring and mouth-gaping populace, "Behold, I come to scatter peace and plenty on your benighted land, and to free you from the despotism which has hitherto crippled your energies,"—and after the loud shouting and mad tossing of greasy caps in the air are over, and ere the smouldering ashes of the glorifying bonfires are cold, he, too, shall present his little bill, and, doubtless, it shall also be duly paid ! Alas ! in each country are there not millions who have greater need of the gift it so ostentatiously offers to others, and would it not be as well to begin the philanthropic crusade at home ? Oh ! smash those national glass houses, for they are huge impostures, which too often only conceal tyranny !

If, on the other hand, we regard these glass houses from a social point of view, the result is equally unsatisfactory. Break but a pane of the British glass house, and you may see License tearing through the mask of Liberty, and Poverty peeping under the cloak of Wealth. Do the same to the French edifice, and you may behold Insolence grinning behind the thin veil of Politeness, and Egotism blustering in Cosmopolitan attire. Perform the operation on the German building, and you may see Lethargy heavy with the fumes of beer and tobacco, dozing on the couch of Philosophy. Lastly, knock at the American structure, and you will find Intolerance ranting in the pulpit of Toleration, and Slavery crouching beneath the feet of Independence. Moreover, through the glittering vanity of the exterior you may

equally behold all the nakedness of the inner dwelling. "Oh ! smash those national glass houses," again we cry, for they conceal not only the petty vices, but also the real virtues, of a people

We do not purpose to treat at any length of the political glass houses. The subject no doubt is an inviting one, but in our reckless progress might we not unintentionally tread upon the toes of our worthy Editor ? Still we must have just one cast, with a little stone, at the glittering edifices, which, however, are made so entirely of glass that one needs scarcely to break a single pane to get a peep at the by no means imposing contents. Shall we not find one pet idol shrined in all of them, whose features, though more or less begrimed with paint, are the same in form ? The Tory, the Whig, and the Radical buildings, however differing in color, are all created for the same purpose, namely, to preserve the Constitution. It is only on breaking the panes we can discover that the vice they respectively conceal is one differing in degree rather than in distinctive character. The conservatism of the Tory is to keep what he has got, and to let no one else share in his privileges ; the conservatism of the Whig is to retain his possessions, but to assist others in acquiring property—provided it be taken from the Tories ; and the conservatism of the Radical is not only to keep what he has got, but also to confiscate the entire property of both the antagonists ; and possibly the day may come when the Radical, like the lawyer in the fable, having swallowed the constitutional oyster, shall bestow a shell each upon the Tory and the Whig.

The British Commercial glass house is a most imposing building from its dimensions, but it has spread out by piecemeal in all directions, so that it wants the solidity of a single structure ; whilst the amount of glass it contains arouses continual fear and anxiety. Gaily the flags wave from its thousand pinnacles, and millions of tongues proclaim aloud the blessings of commercial enterprise. But when the child has scraped the gilt off the crown she finds that her king is, after all, only common gingerbread, not a whit better in quality than the material of the edible peasant. So, lifting the heavy jewelled veil of commercial enterprise, we see beneath nothing but common greed,

to satisfy which it matters little whether the means be a bale of clothing or a barrel of raw spirits. When, moreover, we look at far-distant lands, once swarming with "ignorant and cruel savages," we see a few miserable disease-stricken wretches, who are the sole remnants of a mighty race, whilst hecatombs upon hecatombs of human beings attest to the blessings which attend the "progress of civilization." Alas! commerce had need to have scattered some good to mitigate the evils it has spread; and as to the boasted morality of the British merchant, we would rather be silent on that subject. If you need an answer, go and seek it from the lips of those dupes whose ruin has been caused by a blind belief in that very morality.

We do not purpose at present to make a hole in the glass houses of active philanthropy, whether promulgated in social congresses or other public meetings where men air their peculiar crotchets, with but little tangible result. Nor shall we venture to lay impious hands on the hugh legal edifice which seems to have been erected to conceal a contempt for justice, or to fence it round with such thorny palisades that its divine presence can only be reached after much moral laceration and material loss of wealth. But the structure, however labyrinthine, is not proof against the attacks of common sense, would men only condescend to use it; but they prefer the intricate way, and well deserve to suffer the penalty of their blindness and folly.

The architect of the national glass house is Pride; of the individual one, Hypocrisy is the builder; and of all the edifices of the latter order that of religion is the most important and the most common. It is also the most impregnable, because the reverence generally aroused even by the outward appearance of religion, is sufficient to prevent us from attacking any one who wears a decent mask, and not until the rent garments no longer conceal the deformity beneath, will the respected cloak be indignantly torn off. But when a pane of the seemingly sacred edifice is shattered, what horrible details are revealed! For therein are not only exposed the vices most directly opposed to the spirit of Christianity, but, as the humiliating pages of the Newgate Calendar too well reveal, you may feel the presence of the foulest

crimes which human nature can be guilty of committing. And when the criminals are exposed, what groans of disgust, and it may be of fear, are uttered by those who have possessed themselves of snug edifices of a like nature! But we will not dwell on the theme, for the more we proceed in our inquiry, the more chance is there that our faith in the national morality may be rudely shaken.

Another glass house meriting destruction is that which the "charitable" man raises to hide from the world his meanness and selfishness. He is generally a pertinacious hunter after titled society, and if "my lady" asks his assistance for a "bed and blanket" society, of which she is the patroness, with many a smile and much expression of gratitude "for the opportunity afforded him of assisting in the promotion of such a benevolent object," he will tender his guinea. But mark his demeanor to his wife when he reaches home, and you will see that he is not very grateful "for the opportunity;" and most assuredly that guinea will be eventually repaid out of his daughter's miserable pittance. It is true that the hypocrite will preach to her on the blessings which must rest on those who spend their money in charity rather than on dress; but can she believe him, and what must a daughter think of such a father?

Some people, in erecting their glass houses, think less of the thickness of the panes than of the putty which cements them; but the oleaginous matter is scarcely proof against the first expression of contempt. Of such, the scandal-monger—the destroyer of the reputation of others—is by far the most hateful. He needs no assistance to spread the infamous lie, for he will invent it himself and be his own purveyor, for he dreads detection if he assists another in a similar operation. His method of proceeding is after this fashion. He will go to a friend of the person he seeks to injure, and exclaiming against "those wretches who diffuse evil reports," he will say, "By-the-by, how sorry I was to hear that 'So-and-so' has been guilty—of this, or of that;" and when asked for his authority, he will say that the intelligence was imparted to him "under a promise of the strictest secrecy, and that his sole motive in making known the painful fact was that it might be investigated by the best friend of the

poor fellow." The device succeeds, and is often attended with fatal consequences. If ever any one comes to you saying, "I have been told by a person whose name I cannot mention," depend upon it you have caught one of the species we refer to, and we beg you not to be contented by morally smashing a single pane, but to shiver the entire glass house, and bury the contemptible owner of it in the ruins.

With respect to those who, in common parlance, are said to "try and make themselves out to be worse than they are," we regard their glass houses with suspicion, and even with aversion. Notwithstanding their simple and whitewashed appearance, we have no faith in the virtues of the inmates, but rather believe that, as a man will sacrifice a sprat to catch a herring, so those extremely honest people will confess to trifling errors which they do not possess in order to conceal the big vices of which they are really guilty. One man will acknowledge that he is a bit of a glutton, which he is not, merely to conceal that he is an habitual drunkard, which he is; another will own to the folly of imprudence, which he has not, in order to cloak the vice of avarice, which he has; a third will confess that he is wholly sceptical of human virtue, which he is not, merely to conceive the envy, hatred, and uncharitableness which he really possesses; a fourth—but why proceed? We might continue the parallel through the whole catalogue of errors and vices, and so we content ourselves by saying, never place any reliance on those who "try to make themselves out to be worse than they are," and smash their impudent glass houses whenever you have an opportunity to do so.

Nor less open to suspicion is the glass house in which dwells the "honest man who always says what he means." The edifice is always uncouth and unsightly, and we fancy that we can trace the presence of envy through the rugged panes; for, as to mere prejudice, we make no account of it in our moral survey. But even if we believe in this man's sincerity, we must pity the taste which makes a man insensible to the pain he inflicts on others. Depend upon it, there is more vanity in such honesty than there is a love of simple truth.

As to the little glass house of stoicism which the gentle cynic raises in order to

conceal his real tenderness and benevolence, God forbid that we should hurl the smallest stone at the venial imposture. Nay, there is no necessity for either violence or fraud, for at the faintest cry of real distress the inmate will peep out, and when detected,—like an absent man, who has come into the open air without his hat,—he will put his hand to his bald pate, and mumble some feeble excuse about the genial weather. It is of no use, sir, for you to tell us that people who encourage street-performers ought to be severely punished, and that the latter ought to be whipped and sent to prison. Did we not detect a moisture in your eye, and such a frequent use of the pocket-handkerchief as implied a fearful nasal obstruction, when you sat the other day in a foreign market-place looking at a poor tumbler going wearily through his million-and-tenth performance? Think of that, ye stage-managers who boast of "Pretty Se-usan, don't say no," being thrice encored for two hundred and sixty nights,—more shame to the audience, we say. And when the poor juggler's wan-faced little girl in faded tinsel came up, trembling at your ferocious appearance, did you not slyly slip a five-franc piece into her tiny hand, and gently clench her bits of fingers over the coin to hide it from the vulgar gaze, and then quickly slink away as if you were ashamed of the deed? Nor was it the amount of your gift,—had it been ten times greater,—that made us marvel; but that you should be detected in committing an offence for which, according to your own words, you ought to be "severely punished." But go on; we would not punish you,—no, not even though we know well that you derived fifty times more pleasure from that clumsy performance than you ever felt in witnessing the marvellous feats of the accomplished Houdin.

As to the simple-minded man who believes that his sagacity is more than a match for cunning or fraud, and who boasts that no one "can do him," we will pass by his dwelling without hurling a stone at the fragile exterior; for he does no harm to any one but himself, and is sure to be found outside the building at the sound of the approaching steps of any smooth-tongued rascal.

In spite of the antique and solemn appearance of the philosopher's edifice, we

must not so far neglect our duty as to leave it unscathed. Bang;—there goes a pane. Now approach boldly, and have no fear of disturbing deep reveries which shall tend to the solution of mighty questions that affect the future welfare of the human race. Look in; you will most probably find the venerable sage stretched on a sofa, with a cigar in his mouth, and a volume of Paul de Kock in his hands; nor does his face betray the pain of intense thought, for it is only when he sallies abroad that he dons the well-known black-velvet tunic and skull-cap, with a worm-eaten folio under his arm, and his head bent to earth in solemn reverie. But there is, too, a kind of philosophy in his secret pursuit, which is, in some poor way, profitable to himself; and has he not the first right to benefit by the application of those philosophical principles which have taken him so many years to elucidate? The great vice, however, which the revered sage conceals under his heavy cloak of wisdom is a narrow contempt for what he terms “the grovelling propensities of mankind.” “*A bas la philosophie,*” O star-gazer, if wisdom is to make us insensible to the pleasures which have always pleased. Don’t talk of gall and ashes because the untutored intellect revels in the present sunshine. Evil may follow, truly, but sufficient for the day is the evil thereof. Why tell us that possibly to-morrow we may grieve over the pleasures of to-day? Were we to follow your sage advice, though we might escape pain, yet we should pass away from earth, possibly, without having partaken of a single blessing pertaining to our mortal lot. We may be fools for laughing at old Punch and his stale pugnacity, but why condemn us because the grimness of thy mouth is thereby made more grim? The fault is in thy superior wisdom, and not in our inferior intelligence.

The professional glass house—literary, artistic, or musical—however aerial in outward appearance, is so interlaced within by technicalities, that its weakness by no means corresponds to its apparent insolidity. But though filmy, and almost imperceptible, by means of its hired covering, the panes are so thin that they yield to the slightest pressure; and, looking through the “technicalities,” we can detect the big words—the well-known spots of white or patches of red, and the oft-repeated “sus-

pensions,” which conceal the real poverty of invention. We know the big word, the white spot, and the red patch by sight, but their not meaning who can fathom? We feel that the soft squeak of the oboe, and the growling of the double-bass, announce respectively the approach of the innocent heroine or of the guilty villain of the piece; but the trick is stale, and we are no longer excited by that “piling up of agony” to sink into lowest bathos.

If people would only employ the smallest amount of the perception given to them exclusively, they might understand it; but they will not do so, and therefore are touched alone by that which excites a momentary shock—whether it be a big word, a white spot, a patch of red, or a sudden crash of the bass trombone. So we wonder not that the inmates of the professional glass houses chuckle in seeming security. Oh, good friend!—poet, painter, or musician—we will honor you for showing us what gifts you really possess, but we must despise your clap-trap. If you merely seek to win the attention of the ignorant, you may obtain success by employing a farthing rush-light; but if you want your real worth to be revealed, pray give us the light of a lamp, or, in its absence, of a wax-candle at least.

Erasmus Bawler is seemingly a learned man whose information is unbounded. He is equally at home on politics, religion, science, or art; and his knowledge of classical history is so great, that he could not write even on “ducks and green peas” without countless allusions to Greek or Latin worthies. You marvel where and how he has picked up his vast erudition. Break a pane of his glass house, and you will see by his side twenty quarto volumes, to which ever and anon he refers. Oh, Erasmus Bawler! leave your encyclopædia for a few moments, and come out into the open air. The observation of Human Nature will give you wealth far more sterling than the base metal you have hitherto passed, however successfully.

Facile Flourish is a most popular painter, and we will enter his studio and watch the consummate genius at work. We see him with a jaunty air putting on the flicks of paint,—we perceive none in Nature’s work,—anon producing the “firm outline,”—there are no such outlines in Nature,—or the grimaces of expression, which are not Nature’s making; and we

go away from the inspection of his work with an idea that all his cleverness only conceals the want of real genius. Oh, Facile Flourish! give us a little more head-work and a little less hand-work, though we know that the market price of the latter is at least one hundred guineas per square foot.

Sig.ora Squilisi has a fine voice, which, properly employed, would "lap the soul in Elysium;" but she prefers the shower of bouquets and clapping of hands to any gratitude of the heart. She is a great favorite, and her admirers think she has endless treasures in her florid glass house, the panes of which are her grimaces, personal and vocal. Remove these, and within is emptiness. Or listen to Herr Bangbang at the piano; and, watching the lightning rapidity of his facile fingers, you marvel at his wonderful execution. Bah! Wonderful execution, indeed! Don't you know of a certain animal which kicks up a dust in order to conceal its presence from the enemy? Well, Herr Bangbang's execution is only dust,—vile dust,—that sticks in the ears; though, truly, the latter lose nothing by the concealment of the Herr's genius. Oh, professor! if you will play us a few of Mendelssohn's *Lieder*, we will tell you what we think of your executive power. We know that they are "*ohne worte*," and wish we could say that your performance was equally without "*palaver*."

Oh, ye stern and unbending critics! self accredited ambassadors of the empire of taste! Ye unflinching champions of truth, and implacable enemies of falsehood! Fain would we stealthily pass your glass houses with shoeless feet; for we know well that you are ever on the watch with bludgeon or blunderbuss to chastise the insolent intruders into your sacred precincts. But in truth your edifices are so imposing—the outsides are so rich in painting, gilding, and sculptured ornaments—that our curiosity to behold the vast treasures that must be concealed within overcomes our natural fear and reverence. Bang—bang—bang—bang—bang—bang! Lord help us and deliver us! There are six panes broken at least! Well, there is but little use in running away now that the mischief is done, so let us go and take a hasty look within, trusting that the sight of the many beauties we may possibly see will compensate us for

the kicks which we shall certainly receive. Why, "good gracious!" as our dear old chum at the club would say, what do we see in the almost deserted mansions? Where are the lovely tapestries, the rich carpets, the luxurious sofas, and other articles of taste to correspond with the gorgeous magnificence of the outside? Above all, where is the odor of wisdom and peace? In the first building we see a critic sitting at a table amidst piles of books and papers: one foot is through a picture—a Landseer too; and the other, very muddy, is on the pages of a new publication, whilst he tears his hair and scrunches his pen beneath his teeth. In the second we see a man blowing out long bladders, such as the disguised Leporello uses on the stage to pummel therewith the simple Masetto. In the third we perceive heaps of sawdust, which the industrious owner is stuffing into bags all labelled as knowledge. A fourth, in a corner of his now violated house, is making from gall-stones and sulphur an explosive powder which he trusts may be equally efficacious in blowing into fragments poet, painter, or player; while a fifth is compounding a thick paste with treacle, jam, and honey. Lastly, in the sixth, I see a man in a profuse perspiration, casting cannon-balls and offensive rockets by the million. Surely these must be magazines erected for the manufacture of weapons of destruction, and not temples or academies whence issues the voice of wisdom, accompanied by that sacred fire which removes the darkness of ignorance and illumines the path of truth. Alack! alack! let us try and slink through the crowds of envious authors, artists, musicians, singers, and actors, who with hungry and beseeching looks crowd round the palatial dwellings. Oh, critics! if you will only be more moderate in uttering your opinions, if you will divest your mind of prejudice, and, above all, endeavor to advance taste by discovering beauty rather than by exposing deformity, the public and the public's intellectual purveyors will be deeply grateful. Sore in body, and afflicted in mind, we take our leave, fully resolved that nothing in future shall ever tempt us to break the glass houses of our professional brethren. For what can it matter to us that people should follow the shadow rather than the substance, or that wisdom, knowing the

blindness of mankind, should disdain to put on a more substantial appearance?

Towering above most other glass houses is the ostentatious but futile and fragile edifice raised by the wealthy man to conceal his parsimony, and out of which he peers continually, like a snail from its shell, at the slightest opportunity, to show his real nature. We have known a man possessed of hundreds of thousands, and who spared no money in the gratification of his desires, give a cabman sixpence for his drive, and answer Jehu's complaint by telling him it was—abundance. We have known another man who would haggle over the price of every article in the bill of a restaurateur, and yet pay without a murmur the heavy account of the picture-dealer, though we feel sure he derived more pleasure for the twenty-five francs than he ever obtain for his twenty-five will thousand pounds.

The edifice of the parvenu is, of all glass houses, the easiest to penetrate, and and gives the least pleasure to its owner. Considering the miseries he undergoes in his assumed character, we wonder how long he can keep up the deception of smacking his lips over the glass of Chateau-Margaux, when he would prefer the homely gin, and takes it, too, with a "God's blessing," when he reaches his own dwelling. Were it not better, worthy Dives, to sell your carriages and horses, lest, like poor Secretary Craggs, you are caught some day involuntarily taking the place of your own footman? All honor be yours who, by your ability and industry, have raised yourself to a high social position; but, having attained it, do not ape the habits of those who are, as it were, to the manner born. There is room for you in your new station to display your individual virtues, and for the exercise of that power for good which your means enable you to perform so well. But the attempt to imitate the peculiar habits of any class to which you do not belong is mimicry, and, as mimicry, will only meet with ridicule.

You see a man who is always in a state of activity, and who seems miserable if for one moment he has nothing to do. You immediately pronounce him to be a pattern of industry, but you are wrong; break his glass house, and you will see beneath this fluttering outside a mind so torpid, that neither the desire of fame or

glory, nor even of wealth, can rouse it to action. We have no sympathy for those restless beings, nor are they ever happy; for though it be true, as Shakspeare says, that there is a tide in the affairs of men which, taken at the flood, leads on to fortune; yet, considering the shortness of life, we are not sure whether the wisest course is not to lay-to at times in some quiet nook, and enjoy the present sunshine. When a rising current of wind be propitious, we can sally out if we are tired of our snug haven, and, though we run the risk of not reaching the goal, we have at least enjoyed some moments of happiness; whereas the constant rover is ever looking for the haven of rest, and, though he passes a hundred choice spots on his course, he goes on ever hoping to find something better, and dies with his restless wishes unfulfilled.

As to those who "have really so much work on hand that they have not a minute to spare," we confess that we are rather sceptical of their untiring industry. You need not break their glass houses, for the panes are so thin that you can easily see the interior. You may probably perceive a large canvas on an easel, or a library-table covered with sheets of manuscript; and, if you peer further, you will see the inmate playing at pool or at whist with some fellow hard-workers. Heaven forbid that we should deprive him of his amusement, which, within proper limits, will keep the brain in order. We know that at times our friend does work hard, and well too; but he acts on impulse, whilst your real hard-worker is more methodical, and though the latter does not at times pursue his occupation uninterruptedly for several days and nights, yet he ultimately turns out the greatest amount of work.

Glass houses are not regarded as very formidable defences by women, especially those reared by their own sex. The other day we were admiring a lady's dress in the presence of another lady, and we marvelled much at its beautiful color. "You silly goose," said our fair friend, "can't you see that the silk has been dyed and turned? It would serve men almost right if women ceased the attempt to dress well." We were silenced, but could not help thinking that possibly some men would have no objection at all to be "served quite right." Nothing can well

exceed a woman's dexterity in smashing her neighbor's glass house, and the whole proceeding is a marvellous exhibition of ingenuity. Provided with the smallest pebble, but of the highest polish, she will approach her poor sister, and after much fond palaver and kissing of cheeks, she will retire to a short distance. Then, watching her opportunity, crash she sends the little missile with the force and whizz of a bullet. Awhile she watches the agony of her prostrate enemy, and then approaches with the sweetest of smiles to offer her pity and tears. Is it possible that such loveliness and tenderness can at times be allied to a cruelty in the refinement of which no wild animal can surpass the mortal angel?

Of all the keen penetrators into individual glass houses, children are by far the most sagacious. You may attempt to deceive them by bonbons or toys, but they see through you at once, and though they take the presents, they will naively tell you that they "don't like you." They can't say why, but they don't. We will tell you why. It is instinct. Children are said to be easily pleased, but, "*en revanche*," they are as easily disgusted; nor do we believe that their want of reason is fatal to the correctness of their decisions. Their likes and dislikes are as the instinct of a dog, which can immediately discover the friend of his species; and the child decides more truly by the heart than the

man judges by the head;—all that which goes far to prove that as we become, what we are pleased to call, more reasonable, we in truth become the greater dupes.

Let us not dwell on the paltry glass houses reared by Vanity merely to conceal the ravages of Time. Vain are patent hair-dyes, rouge, and henna, for they can no more deceive the spectators than they do the wearers, and only arouse contempt and indignation that men and women should feel ashamed of being no longer boys and girls. Can we wonder,—if age has so little respect for itself,—that it meets with still less reverence from others?

Here for the present we pause, for were we to employ all the precious hours of life in the destruction of glass houses, we should leave thousands still untouched. Moreover, have we not our own huge glass house, erected with much skill and patience, and at an enormous cost? Alas! it has been penetrated ever so often; and no sooner was one pane mended than another was broken, until, weary of the vain attempt of restoring the shattered edifice, we have come to the conclusion to stop up no more holes, but to let the curious and wicked wanderer look in, trusting to the labors of the spider to spin a web over the interstices, and so conceal the musty corners of the interior. Rather let us stay the coming wrath by acknowledging that our own building is as fragile and porous as any in existence.

FRESH FABLES.

THE INDIGNANT HADDOCK.

A HADDOCK came upon a mackerel swallowing a sprat.

"Impiscine monster!" exclaimed the haddock, "what harm did that sprat ever do you? I should blush as red as a mullet if I suffered such unfishlike barbarity to go unpunished."

And so the haddock gobbled up the mackerel.

AFTER THE EVENT.

A SWALLOW's nest fell from the eaves of a farmhouse, and the barnyard poultry and the hedgebirds gathered about the ruins, and went into committee on them.

"I knew it was going to fall—I felt

sure it must, the last time I was on the roof," chirped a sparrow.

"Stupid thing—building its nest up there," hissed a goose.

"I could have taught her how to hatch them—I have had to hatch yours, neighbor Duck," clucked a hen.

"Gobble, gobble, gobble—if people choose to be fools they must take the consequences," said a strutting turkey-cock, puffing out his feathers.

"My friends, you are very kind to take so much interest in my affairs," twittered the poor swallow; "but if you were so sure that my house was going to fall, isn't it a pity that you didn't tell me a little sooner?"

THE CHAINED FOX.

A FOX that had been caught young was kept chained in a yard, and became so tame that fowl and geese approached it without fear.

"Pretty thing!" said its mistress. "It does no harm. It is cruel to keep it chained."

So she unbuckled its collar, and let it run about. Scarcely, however, had she turned her back than she heard a great clucking from her poultry. Looking round, she saw the fox scampering off with her plump pet pullet thrown over his shoulder.

"You treacherous, ungrateful little villain!" cried the woman, shaking her fist; "and I thought you were so good."

"So I was, mistress," answered the fox, "*as long as I was chained.*"

THE YOUNG ELM AND THE OLD WALNUT TREE.

A YOUNG elm stood just outside a garden in which there was a fine old walnut tree. The young elm felt vexed that a garden tree should be taller than a forest tree, and often made spiteful speeches to its neighbor. When the walnuts were ripe, men came with ladders and sticks and climbed up and beat the branches of the walnut tree.

"Ha! ha!" laughed the elm, "now you see, old boy, what people think of you. When did I ever get a thrashing like that?"

"Shall I tell you why, my young friend?" answered the walnut tree. "*You're not worth beating.* People think a great deal of walnuts, but I never heard tell of elm nuts."

THE DEAF AND DUMB MOUSE.

"WHAT a fool you are, mouse," said a shrew.

The mouse shook his head.

"But I tell you, you are, mouse," repeated the shrew.

Again the mouse shook his head and smiled.

"Your father was a thief, and your mother was hanged, and all your uncles were rogues," said the shrew.

The mouse shook his head.

"Do you mean to say that I'm a storyteller?" demanded the shrew.

The mouse shook his head.

"Why, what *do* you mean?" snarled the shrew. "If you weren't a fool before, you've turned silly now sure enough."

And off she flounced in a rage.

"What on earth possessed you, mouse," asked his wife, "to let her go on like that, and never give her back a word? Are you struck deaf and dumb?"

"Always, my dear," answered the chuckling mouse, "when she tries to anger me—it makes *her* so angry. I'm glad you're not a shrew."

THE WAXEN MASK.

"I'M tired of mutton—I want a nice juicy joint of a child," said a young wolf to his mother.

"Well, go and get one," said his mother.

"I can't," answered the young wolf. "As soon as the children see me they run away."

"You should hide your face," said his mother.

"How?" asked the young wolf.

"Come with me and I will show you," said his mother.

So they trotted deeper into the wood, until they came to a hollow oak. Some squeezed honeycomb which a traveller had thrown away after robbing a wild-bee's nest, lay at the foot of the tree, and the wax was melting in the sun. Mother Wolf took the soft wax and made a mask and put it on her child.

"There," she said, "you look just like a pet lamb. Go and play with the children, and get them to run after you into the wood, and then pull off your mask and eat them up."

Thereupon the young wolf trotted into a meadow in which some children were playing, and began to frisk like a young lamb.

"Oh, father," the children cried to a shepherd on the other side of the meadow. "Come and see. Here is such a funny little lamb."

"A *very* funny lamb," answered the shepherd when he came up. "What straight wool it has, and what a bushy tail! And, really, if we didn't know that it must be a lamb, I should say that it had claws instead of hoofs. Let us take the curious creature home and give it something to eat."

So the shepherd and his children took the young wolf to their cottage, and there the shepherd took the sham lamb between

his knees, and kept him before the fire until the wax melted and ran into his eyes, and the wolf's muzzle showed. Maddened with pain the young wolf dashed out of the cottage, but the hot wax had blinded

him, and he tumbled into a river and was drowned.

"Much good your mask did you, my young friend," the shepherd shouted after him.

FAMOUS OLD SIEGES.

THERE is reason, as some imagine, to suppose that sieges will, in future, become less sanguinary than of old. What the old sieges were like we will attempt to show by briefly sketching the chief features of five or six of the most celebrated. As nothing can well surpass their horrors, it is possible that in future such climaxes of war may be shorter and sharper, and that the suffering may be, at least, spread over a briefer period. But while ambition is still ambition, and manslaughter manslaughter, whether the war-cry be France or Prussia, the weapon German or French, we have little hope of philanthropy doing more than mitigating such cruel catastrophes.

One of the most remarkable sieges in the second Punic War was that of Saguntum. The first Punic campaign had ended with the Carthaginians surrendering Sicily to Sardinia. The second campaign, commencing 218 B.C., was fought in Spain, where Amilcar, Hannibal's father, had gone, taking with him his boy to teach him hatred against the Romans. Amilcar's successor, Hannibal, at once marched upon the Saguntines (people of Arragon), allies of Rome, and besieged Saguntum. This city, on the site of which, by the river Palancia, Murviedro now stands, was famous for its figs and for the earthenware cups it manufactured. Hannibal, then a mere youth, opposed at home by Hanno, and a faction antagonistic to his family, and which accused him of perfidiousness in breaking treaties with the Romans, pushed on the siege with great vigor. He urged his swarthy African soldiers to increase their exertions by himself working in the trenches among them, and by helping forward the mantlets and battering-rams. The defence was stubborn, and stones and arrows were replied to by arrows and stones. After, it is said, eight months' siege, Hannibal demanded cruel terms—the Saguntines were to leave their city to be demolished, surrendering up

their arms, and carrying away only two suits of clothing. Many of the citizens, in their despair, finding the walls giving way, now lit a great funeral pile, and after burning all their wealth, threw themselves into the flames. While this horrible sacrifice was actually taking place, a tower which had been much battered suddenly fell. The Carthaginians instantly stormed in through the breach; and Hannibal, sounding the trumpets for a general assault, carried the city. With the relentless cruelty of those days, he instantly ordered that all Saguntines found in arms should be put to the sword. Most of the inhabitants died fighting, or barring themselves up in their burning houses with their wives and children, perished in the flames. Hannibal, nevertheless, secured great wealth and many slaves. The money he appropriated to war purposes; the slaves he divided among the soldiers; and the household stuff he sent to Carthage.

Years later, when the Romans girt up their lions to fairly conquer Spain, one of the greatest events that marked the war was the fifteen months' siege of Numantia, an almost impregnable city on the Douro, near the site of the present Soria, in old Castile. This fortress of the hardy Iberians was built on a steep hill, accessible only on one side, surrounded by forests, and partly moated by the Douro and a lesser stream. It had only a garrison of eight thousand fighting men, but these were Spanish veterans, skilled in the use of bow, spear and sword. Several consuls had attacked Numantia before Q. Pompeius sat down before it with thirty thousand foot and two thousand horse; but disease attacked his army, and he was compelled to offer terms disgraceful to Rome, to which his successor, however, refused to accede. Soon after, another consul all but surrendered to the victorious Numantines his army of twenty thousand men. The Romans, enraged at these repulses, sent out in 133 B.C. their greatest general,

Scipio Africanus, with four thousand volunteers. He found the army discouraged and demoralized, and at once reshaped it with a strong hand. He turned all the sutlers, diviners and priests out of the camp; for vice and superstition had tainted the whole force. He then sold all needless wagons and beasts of burden, forbade any soldier more cooking utensils than a spit and a brass pot, ordered nothing to be eaten but plain roast and boiled, and counselled every one to sleep as he himself did, on the bare ground. Having thus hardened his army, he trained it by long toilsome marches, counter-marches, trench digging, and wall building, and then laid waste all the territory from whence the Numantines drew their supplies. With a force of sixty thousand men, and recruited by Jugurtha from Numidia with some elephants and light horse, Scipio formed two camps, and sat down for the winter to starve out the stubborn but now straightened enemy. The town was three miles in circumference; round this area Scipio raised six miles of towers and ramparts, so that only the river-side remained open. To stop any divers or boats coming that way with provisions or intelligence, the Romans fastened tree trunks, spiked with sword and spear blades, to ropes, and let them whirl to and fro in the rapid current, so that to pass them became impossible. The Numantines made several gallant sorties, but hunger now began to strike them down quicker than the Roman sword. In this cruel emergency a man named Retogenes, and five brave friends, ventured on a daring attempt to bring the Druacians, a neighboring tribe to the aid of the suffering town. These six men, with six servants, went at night to the Roman camp, carrying broad boarded ladders. With these they rode over the Roman works, slew some of the guards, and dashed across to the Druacians. Getting no help, however, from their scared kinsmen, the brave fellows rode on to a town called Lutia, where the younger men agreed to join them. The elders, however, sent secretly to Scipio, who, marching forty miles with incredible rapidity, arrived at daybreak, and demanded the surrender of the rash young men. Four hundred of them being reluctantly given up, Scipio cut off their hands and returned to his camp. The Numantines at last grew hopeless, and

offered to surrender, but the stern Roman would grant no conditions. The famine grew worse and worse: first they ate leather and weeds, then rats and vermin, and even human flesh. Again they offered surrender, but claimed a day's respite. On that terrible day the leading men of the place slew themselves. On the third day a starved band of half-dying people came out of the gates. Scipio selected fifty for his triumph, sold the rest for slaves, and levelled the city. Four thousand Spaniards had kept the Roman armies at bay at Numantia for twenty-one years.

One of the greatest steps in that long career of unjust conquest and cruelty, which at last made Rome mistress of the world, was the arduous but successful siege of Carthage, 148 B.C. Blow by blow the dreadful enemies of the African power had cloven their way to their great rival. The third Punic War began by the consuls leaving Rome with eighty thousand foot and four thousand horse, who had stern orders from the senate not to return till they had removed Carthage out of its place. The Africans, tormented by civil war, began by the most degrading concessions. They surrendered five hundred of their noblest youth as hostages, and brought to the Roman camp two hundred thousand suits of armor, vast sheaves of spears and javelins,* and two thousand catapults. Still the Romans were unsatisfied. They required the Carthaginians to leave their city for demolition, and to move ten miles inland. This was the last straw: the maddened people rose in despair. They at once released all their slaves and enrolled them as militia. The temples were turned into workshops, and men and women, old and young, toiled in gangs night and day at the fabrication of arms. Every day there were made one hundred and forty bucklers, three hundred shields, five hundred javelins, and one hundred catapult darts. The city, situated within a bay and on a peninsula, was twenty-three miles in circuit, and contained seven hundred thousand souls. The peninsula, forty five miles in compass, was joined by an isthmus, on which stood the citadel, three miles broad. Towards the continent there were three walls, thirty cubits high, defended by towers rising two stories above the walls. Between the towers were barracks for

twenty thousand foot, four thousand horse, and three hundred elephants. The two ports, in the inner one of which was the arsenal and the admiral's house, were barred by chains. In their first attack, the Romans were too confident and contemptuous. Three times they were driven from the walls, and once their fleet was totally destroyed by fire ships. At last Scipio Æmilianus came and began the cruel work in earnest, first reforming the Roman army, which had become a mere army of prowling and quarrelling foragers. Having at last taken the isthmus, he there pitched his camp, and built a wall before it twelve feet high, to bar out all provisions from the continent. To equally block up the port and stop all food coming by sea, Scipio raised a huge mole at the mouth of the port; but the Carthaginians, full of energy, at once dug out a new passage and launched fifty fresh galleys. Æmilianus, however, soon after destroyed an African army coming to the rescue, and subdued all the neighboring country. In the spring of 145 B.C., Scipio at last struck the wedge home. He stormed a breach near the port, and forcing his way into the great square, fortified himself there that night. There were three steep streets leading to the citadel to force, and the roofs of the houses lining those approaches were covered by archers and men who hurled javelins or threw down tiles and stones. These houses were cleared one by one, a desperate contest taking place on the roofs, till at last Scipio ordered the three streets to be simultaneously set on fire. Wounded men, old women and children, threw themselves from the roofs, or perished stoically in the flames. The Roman soldiers spent six days and nights in levelling the ruins and burying the dead. Scipio hardly allowed himself time for sleep or refreshment. Polybius describes seeing him seated on a mound, with tears in his crocodile eyes, repeating those lines in the *Iliad*, where Hector foretells the destruction of Troy. Conquerors, however reckless, are apt at times to give way to momentary outbursts of sham pity. Napoleon once wept at seeing a dog howling beside his dead master (one of some forty thousand harmless human beings that day sacrificed to the emperor's insatiable ambition.) In later times, leaders scarcely less guilty have found comfort for their wounded feelings

on such painful occasions in short texts of Scripture and biblical telegrams. To what the great peacemakers do or say history is indifferent.

To return to the siege. On the seventh day the citadel surrendered, on condition that the lives of the soldiers were spared. There first, according to Orosius, came out twenty-five thousand wretched women, then thirty thousand half-starved men. The Carthaginian general, Asdrubal, to the indignation of every one, privately surrendered. Nine hundred Roman deserters, hopeless of mercy, shut themselves in a temple of Æsculapius, and then set fire to the building. The Carthaginians who surrendered were sold as slaves, all deserters taken being thrown to the wild beasts of the amphitheatre. Scipio gave the plunder of the unfortunate city to his soldiers, except the gold, the silver, and the offerings in the temples. Thus Carthage fell; but Carthage was soon revenged, if it be true, as some of the Roman historians contend, that from that moment covetousness and luxury began to corrupt the old stoical Roman virtues.

But the siege that seems to epitomise all the horrors of such contests, forming, as it were, the last crowning scene of a nation's tragedy, was the siege of Jerusalem by Titus, A. D. 70. The city then contained, according to Tacitus, six hundred thousand inhabitants. Josephus has well narrated the sufferings of his countrymen, not merely from the Romans, but also from the savage factions of two rival chiefs, Simon and John—the former of whom held the upper city, the latter the Temple. Their followers tore each other to pieces up to the very moment that the Romans broke through the walls. The mode in which Titus conducted this memorable siege furnishes a good example of how the Romans conduct such operations. His legionaries, having established their camps on Scopus and the Mount of Olives, began to burn the suburbs of Jerusalem, cut down the trees, and raise banks of earth and timber against the walls. On these works were placed archers and hurlers of javelins, and before them the catapults and balistas that threw darts and huge stones. The Jews replied from the engines which they had taken from Roman detachments, but they used them awkwardly and ineffectually. They, however were very daring in their sorties, en-

deavoring to burn the Roman military engines and the hurdles with which the Roman pioneers covered themselves when at work. The Romans also built towers fifty cubits high, plated with iron, in which they placed archers and slingers, to drive the Jews from the walls. At last, about the fifteenth day of the siege, the greatest of the Roman battering-rams began to shake the outer wall, and the Jews yielded up the first line of defence. Five days after, Titus broke through the second wall, into a place full of narrow streets crowded with braziers', clothiers', and wool-merchants' shops; but the Jews rallying drove out the Romans, who not having made the breach sufficiently large, were with difficulty rescued by their archers. Four days later, however, Titus retook the second wall, and then waited for famine to do its work within the city. The Jews began now to desert to the enemy in great numbers, and all these wretches the Romans tortured and crucified before the walls (at one time five hundred a day), so that, as Josephus says, "room was wanting for the crosses, and crosses wanting for the bodies."

At this crisis of the siege the Jews, undermining one of the Roman towers, set it on fire, and did their best to destroy all the besiegers' works. Titus now determined to slowly starve out his stubborn enemies, and began to build a wall round the whole city. This wall, with thirteen forts, the Roman soldiers completed in three days. Famine, in the mean time, was ravaging the unhappy city. Whole families perished daily, and the streets were strewn with dead bodies that no one cared to bury. Thieves plundered the half-deserted homes, and murdered any who showed signs of resistance, or who still lingered in the last agonies of starvation. The dead the Jews threw down from the walls into the valleys below. In the mean time, the Roman soldiers, abundantly supplied with corn from Syria, mocked the starving men on the walls, by showing them food. The palm-trees and olive-trees round Jerusalem had been all destroyed, but Titus, sending to the Jordan for timber, again raised banks round the castle of Antonia. Inside the city the seditions grew more violent, the partisans of John and Simon murdering each other daily, and plundering the Temple of the sacred vessels. A rumor spreading in the

Roman camp that the Jewish deserters swallowed their money before they left Jerusalem, led to the murder in one night, Josephus says, of nearly two thousand of these unhappy creatures. Again a part of the wall fell before the battering-rams, but only to discover to the Romans a fresh rampart built behind it. In one attack a brave Syrian soldier of the cohorts, with eleven other men, succeeded in reaching the top of the wall, but they were overpowered by the Jews. A few days after, twelve Roman soldiers scrambled up by night through a breach in the tower of Antonia, killed the guards, and, sounding trumpets, summoned the rest of the army to their aid. The tower once carried, the Romans tried to force their way into the Temple, and a hand-to-hand fight ensued, which terminated in the Romans being driven back to the tower of Antonia. The Jews, now seeing the Temple in danger, and the assault recommencing, set fire to the cloister that joined the Temple and the castle of Antonia, and prepared for a desperate resistance in their last stronghold. In this conflagration, many of the Romans, advancing too eagerly, perished.

During all this fighting, the famine within the city grew worse and worse. The wretched people ate their shoes, belts, and even the leather thongs of their shields. Friends fought for food, and robbers broke into every house where it was known that corn was hidden. Josephus even mentions a well-known case of a woman of wealth from beyond Jordan who ate her own child. The walls of the Temple were so massive as to resist the battering-rams for six days, so Titus at last gave orders to burn down the gates. At last, after a desperate resistance, the Jews were driven into the inner court, and the Temple was set on fire and destroyed, in spite of all the efforts of Titus to save it. When the Jews first saw the flames spring up, Josephus says, they raised a great shout of despair, and sixteen thousand of the defenders perished in the fire. The Romans, in the fury of the assault, burnt down the treasury chambers, filled with gold and other riches, and all the cloisters, into which multitudes of Jews had fled, expecting something miraculous, as their false prophet had predicted. Titus now attacked the upper city, and raised banks against it, at which about forty thousand of the inhabitants

deserted to the Roman camp. The final resistance was very feeble, for the Jews were now utterly disheartened. The Romans, once masters of the walls, spread like a deluge over the city, slew all the Jews they met in the narrow lanes, and set fire to the houses. In many of these they found entire families dead of hunger, and these places, in their horror, the soldiers left unplundered. The Romans, weary at last of slaying, Titus gave orders that no Jew, unless found with arms in his hand, should be killed. But some soldiers still went on butchering the old and infirm, and driving the youths and women into the court of the Temple. The males under seventeen were sent to the Egyptian mines; several thousands were given to provincial amphitheatres to fight with the gladiators and wild beasts; but before all could be sent away, eleven thousand of them perished from famine. Altogether, in this cruel siege, there perished eleven hundred thousand Jews. This enormous multitude is accounted for by the fact, that when Titus sat down before Jerusalem, the city was full of people from all parts of Judæa, come up to celebrate the Feast of Unleavened Bread.

Let us go down the ladder of time a few centuries later, till we find these grand conquerors of the Jews themselves besieged by Alaric and his Goths, 408. As stern and ruthless as Prussians, the Goths at once cut off from Rome the supplies of food, till famine and plague could silently do the work of sword and spear. The rations of bread sank rapidly from three pounds a day to the merest pittance. The rich strove to alleviate the general suffering, but in vain. Some wretches fed, it is said, on the bones of those they murdered, and even mothers destroyed their children and roasted their flesh. Many thousands of the citizens perished, and the cemeteries being in the possession of the invaders, the bodies remained unburied. The plague broke out, and new forms of death appeared. In vain Tuscan diviners promised to draw lightning from the clouds, and burn the Gothic camp. In vain the Roman ambassadors warned Alaric of the danger of the despair and fury of such a multitude.

The grim chief only smiled, and said: "The thicker the grass the easier it is to mow."

At first, greedy for spoil, and contemp-

tuous of Roman weakness, Alaric demanded all the gold and silver in the city, and all the rich and precious movables. Finally he withdrew his savage troops on receiving a ransom of five thousand pounds of gold, thirty-six thousand pounds of silver, four thousand silk robes, three thousand pieces of fine scarlet cloth, and three thousand pounds' weight of Indian pepper, then very scarce and dear. Never since Hannibal marched from Capua had Rome been so scared.

That taste of plunder only provoked the Gothic appetite. In 410, Alaric, provoked by some treachery of the emperor, entered Rome at midnight by the Salarian Gate. The Christian Goths respected the churches, but the Huns and the escaped slaves slew and plundered wherever they went. After six days' license they carried off waggon-loads of jewels, robes, and plate.

Attila, the next devastator of Europe, spared Rome, at the intercession of St. Leo, but Genseric, the Vandal, devoted fourteen days to loading his African slaves with the spoils of Jerusalem and the gold and silver of the Cæsars. In 537, the Goths were again swarming round Rome, and the celebrated defence of the city by Belisarius presents many features of interest.

The great general had a circle of twelve miles to defend against one hundred and fifty thousand barbarians. Against these Belisarius had only thirty thousand citizen soldiers, and five thousand of his veterans hardened in the Persian and African wars. On the ramparts, to aid his archers, were the balistas (great cross-bows), that threw arrows, and the onagri, that slung stones, and on the walls of the mole of Hadrian he had piled ancient statutes to hurl down at the enemy. The Goths spent eighteen days in preparing their attack, in collecting fascines to fill the ditches, and in making scaling-ladders for the walls. Their four battering-rams of enormous size, were each worked by fifty men. They had also huge wooden turrets, drawn by oxen, to form movable forts for assailing the walls. The Goths advanced to the attack in seven columns. The archers of Belisarius, at his desire, shot the oxen that drew the towers, and so rendered them for the time useless. The first day of the attack the Goths lost thirty thousand men, and in a sortie the Romans burnt the formidable

towers. In subsequent sallies five thousand of the Gothic cavalry perished, and the courage of the citizens grew with success. Belisarius, first fearing the navigation of the Tiber, now dismissed from the city all the useless mouths—the women, children and slaves. Active care was taken to encourage the people, and to prevent treachery. Twice every month the officers at the gates were changed, and even the pope himself was sent into exile on suspicion of having corresponded with the Goths. The barbarians were at last worn out. After a siege of one year and nine days, they burnt their tents, and retreated over the Milvian bridge, having lost at least one-third of their host.

Again, in 546, Rome was tormented by its old enemy the Goth. Totila besieged it, and its garrison of three thousand soldiers was powerless to break the blockade. The pope had purchased an ample supply of Sicilian corn, but the avaricious governor seized it, and sold it to the richer citizens. Wheat soon rose to famine prices, and fifty pieces of gold were demanded for an ox. Gradually the people of Rome were reduced to feed on dead horses, dogs, cats, mice and nettles. Crowds of starving creatures surrounded the palace of the Governor, and requested either food or instant death. To these suppliants Bessus replied, with cold cruelty, that it was impossible to feed and unlawful to kill the emperor's subjects. At this a poor man, with five children, threw himself into the Tiber from one of the bridges in the presence of all the people. To the rich Bessus sold permissions to depart, but most of these cowards either expired on the highways, or were cut down by the Gothic cavalry. On Belisarius attempting to relieve the city, Totila erected a bridge with towers on the Tiber ninety furlongs below the city, and this bridge was defended by a boom and chains. But Belisarius attacked it with his infantry and two hundred large boats guarded with high bulwarks of loopholed planks. These boats were led by two immense barges bearing a floating castle higher than the bridge towers, and stored with fire, sulphur, and bitumen. The chains yielded to the impetus of the assaulting vessels; the fire-ships were grappled to the bridge, and one of the towers,

containing two hundred Goths, was consumed by the flames. But in spite of this first success the attack failed. Belisarius was not supported by a timely sally, and soon after Rome fell into the hands of Totila. The conquerer demolished one-third of the walls, and threatened to burn and pull down the great monuments of the city, which barbaric resolution he would have carried into effect but for the intercession of Belisarius.

Let us conclude this summary of great sieges by a brief description of that of Constantinople by the Turks in 1453. The Turkish army was estimated at two hundred and fifty-eight thousand men, and their navy amounted to three hundred and twenty sail. Constantinople, a city of between thirteen and sixteen miles in extent, and containing a population of more than one hundred thousand inhabitants, was defended by a scanty garrison of seven or eight hundred soldiers and two thousand Genoese. The Turks boasted some enormous cannon, which, however, could not be fired more than seven times in the day. The Sultan's soldiers labored to fill up the ditches with hogsheads and tree trunks, dug mines, employed battering-rams and catapults to aid their cannon, and reared against the walls wooden turrets with which to scale the ramparts. After many repulses at sea, Mahomet transported his fleet by land from the Bosphorus into the upper harbor, and then constructed a huge floating battery. The Greeks tried to set this on fire in a nocturnal attack, but their foremost galliots were sunk, and forty young Greek officers were massacred, in retaliation for which cruelty the Greek emperor hung the heads of two hundred and sixty Moslem captives from the walls. The Turks at last ventured on a general assault, and, after a siege of fifty-three days, the city fell into their hands. In the first heat of victory about two thousand Greeks were put to the sword. The body of the last Greek emperor was found under a heap of slain. About sixty thousand of the Greek citizens were sold as slaves, and, the important and extensive Byzantine libraries were destroyed or scattered, and one hundred and twenty thousand manuscripts, Gibbon says, at this time disappeared.

MIRTH:

HOW FAR TO BE INDULGED.

I WAS led into the following reflections, by a few observations I made the other evening on the conduct and manners of a party of young ladies, among whom I have frequently an opportunity of associating. It seemed as if they considered the enjoyment of an evening's visit to consist in the most violent expressions of laughter which were liberally indulged on the slightest remark or incident; they appeared to have taken up the idea, that the greatest distortions of countenance, and the most writhing gesticulations, were the only symptoms of pleasure and gaiety.

When the blessings of life, or even the pleasures of an evening's amusement, are enjoyed with prudence and a modest cheerfulness, dignity of character is still retained, and all the powers and faculties of the mind remain even and unruffled. But when those bursts of laughter, those sudden flashes of the mind, which can be but short and transient at best, are repeatedly indulged, mirth becomes then gaiety without modesty, jollity without prudence and festivity without consistency.

Mirth, in its proper composed and tranquil sense, will banish from the heart every uneasy and irksome thought, even under the pressure of affliction and distress; and will teach it to express its gratitude for

the mercies of Providence under every dispensation. The heart of a virtuous man is ever cheerful and serene, implicitly acquiescing in the state wherein Divine Omnipotence has placed him; but those "little cracklings of mirth and folly," as a certain elegant writer expresses it, "which unthinking minds are subject to, are apter to betray virtue than support it," and render us incapable of being pleasant to ourselves, to our companions, or to Him whom it ought to be the study of our whole life to please. Not that austerity of manners is at all requisite, or an inflexible conformity to all the rigid principles of Stoicism; but to preserve a gladness of mind, which will produce on the countenance an unvarying and perpetual serenity.

It is generally to be observed, that whoever is addicted to such violent mirth, and such frequent bursts of laughter, vanity is not unfrequently the prevailing characteristic of his mind; and one cannot help supposing the person to be conscious of great superiority over those at whose expense the laugh is enjoyed. Surely nothing can betray more vulgarity, a lower education, or greater ignorance, than such endeavors to sink into contempt, those with whom we converse.

VISION OF PERE MARQUETTE.

It was a May morning in 1675, glowing as brightly as any May morning in this year of grace, though since then the world has grown older and wiser by the lapse of fully two centuries. There was a fresh clear sky overhead, with sunshine glinting through the leaves of the trees which overhung a small river in Michigan. The rays fell upon the waters in those green and yellow lights which delight painters and poets; but they deepened and broadened into a golden flood where the river itself widened into the great lake.

A canoe was making rapidly for the mouth of the river, and the two rowers,

bearing the unmistakable air of Canadian boatmen or *voyageurs*, set up a loud shout of welcome as the great expanse of rippling waters met their eager eyes. The third passenger, in the black *soutane* of a priest, sat in the stern of the pirogue, plunged in a profound reverie, unbroken by the noisy shouts of his companions. He had one of those faces of divine repose which we only see in De Vinci's representation of the Beloved Disciple, or in our own dreams of Him before whom the tempest sank rebuked.

"The lake! the lake! Father Marquette!" cried one of the men. "See!

there it is, and we will reach the Post before night. What a lucky voyage we have made!"

"It is the hour for matins, my children," said the priest, arousing from his reverie, but evidently not hearing a word of his companion's speech. "Pull into the cove, Pierre, just there at the mouth, and let us land. I feel more powerfully than usual, this morning, the need to be alone at my devotions; so I will go up the bank to the shade of yon great oak, and you can await me here."

"Truly that is a good thought of yours, Father," answered the Canadian. "Jacques and I will fish while you are praying to the blessed saints. Just see how the fish are leaping gaily in the water, as if they cried, 'Come catch me! come catch me!' Just say a few words for us, Father, to Saint Colombe. He was a famous fisherman, wasn't he?"

"Not that I ever heard," replied the priest, shaking his head, but smiling kindly at the speaker. "It is fish, fish, fish, always fish with you. Tell me, Pierre, do you or Jacques ever see anything in lake or river but the poor fish you are so anxious to destroy, or in the forest but the game you wish to bag?"

Pierre hung his head; but the absent look came back into the priest's face, and he murmured, half aloud:

"After all, do any of us ever see anything in God's universe but what we most desire? Here am I, rebuking simple Pierre; but did I rebuke Joliet, when, led by God to the bosom of the mighty Mississippi, he looked over the unknown waters and exclaimed—'What a trading post can be established here! What a manufactory there!' Nay, even as he spoke all the grand features of the trackless forest faded before me; and, as in a vision, mighty cities sprang up on the banks of the lonely river, and the wilderness blossomed into the fullest flower of civilization."

Then he muttered contritely, "*Mea culpa, mea culpa!*" It was not the Cross bringing the poor savage to Christ that I saw, but the Cross scourging him back into the wilderness. It was but a passing vision, but it has haunted me strangely within the last few days. I no longer hear the sounds of the wilderness, but the hum of men's voices and the chime of bells. What does it mean?"

The boat at this instant touched the land, and the priest stepped on shore.

"Look here, Father Marquette," cried Jacques, "you must not go farther than that tree, where we can keep an eye on you. How do we know that the savages may not be near? and you know how ready they are for their work."

"I am not afraid, my son," he answered calmly.

"But you ought to be," persisted Jacques. "Why, your priest's *soutane* would be like a red rag to an angry bull. What did the devils do to poor Father Daniel, and to Brebœuf, and Lallemand? My flesh creeps to think of their horrible tortures!"

"Nay, you forget the martyr Jacques," added Marquette, placidly. "Like him too, I might say, '*Ibo et non redibo*;' only I much fear the glory of the martyr's path has not been reserved for these unworthy feet."

"I don't know that, Father," answered stubborn Jacques, shaking his head. "Don't you remember when you held the cross out to the savages on the Mississippi, how they answered your blessing with a flight of arrows? Ha! Pierre and I made the pirogue leap over the waters that day!"

"Life and death are in His hands, my son," answered the priest, looking up reverentially; and clasping his breviary in his hands, he walked slowly towards the great oak. Once he paused, gazing over the broad expanse of waters, and muttered:

"Will the vision not depart? and is it from God, or a delusion of the evil one to take my thoughts from prayer? The city spreads before me, a queen among the nations of the earth; a babel of diverse tongues is in my ears; and above the din of traffic, the chimes of church bells seem to rise, and rise, until they reach the sky. Perchance like Moses, God hath vouchsafed to his most unworthy servant the glimpse of a promised land. Like Moses, too, the eyes purged by the Divine euphrasy may be looking their last on mortal scenes. But living or dying, O blessed Lord, always thine!"

Reading from time to time in his breviary, Father Marquette slowly approached the oak. The Canadians saw him take a silver cross from his bosom, and sink on his knees.

"Look at the Father!" said Jacques;

"they say he talks to the good God as I do to my comrade Jules."

"Stop there, my friend," laughed Pierre; "what, do you pretend to say that he curses and swears, and bids the Lord go to the devil, as you say to Jules fifty times a day?"

"You know I don't mean *that*," angrily cried the other. "What I do mean is, that he lives more with the saints and angels than with us. I am sure St. Peter will let him into Paradise without a question."

At that moment the *Gloria in excelsis* rose upon the soft summer air. Clear and distinct swelled the notes, like the peal of a silver trumpet. The voice of the priest, remarkable in spite of his great age for its purity and strength, swelled into a triumphant fugue which seemed to scale the heavens. Then suddenly, without falter or break, it ceased in the very midst of the chant.

"Ah!" said Pierre, with a long drawn breath, "did you ever hear him sing like that? Do you know, Jacques, I could almost fancy I saw the heavens open, and Our Blessed Lady lean down to him! But alas! the good priest's voice is growing old. See how he broke down in the very middle of the *Gloria*—he who used to keep up his chants for hours and hours at a time. But see! the morning is passing; let us go to work!"

The two men fished for hours with great success. So intent were they on their sport that they did not heed the passage of time. At last Jacques looked up at the sun.

"*Mon Dieu!*" cried he, "It is past the

noon. And only look! there is the good priest still at his prayers."

He shouted aloud:

"Halloo! Father Marquette! it is time to be off, or we will not reach the Post before dark!"

"He does not hear a word," said Pierré; "you might fire a cannon ball by his ear when he is praying, but he would not heed it. I will go to him," and springing on shore, the Canadian walked rapidly towards the kneeling priest.

"It is time to start, Father," he said, as he drew near.

One more step, and he was before him. A single glance at the hoary head which rested against the trunk of the tree, the rigid form, and the truth flashed upon him. The priest was dead; but it was the very rapture of death, with a holy triumph set like a seal upon the pale uplifted face. The half parted lips, which had stiffened with the notes of the *Gloria* upon them, wore a smile of joy, almost eager in its set lines. The beautiful vision which blessing his dying eyes and heralded him to the Land of Life, had left on the mortal mask even more visible sign than the profound peace of those servants of the Lord who enter into their blessed inheritance.

They buried the good Marquette where he died. The cities of his prophetic vision have waxed mighty, but all of them delight to honor the good priest and meek discoverer. In these latter days of self-seeking and godless ambition, the virtues of this worthy interpreter of God's word read like a purer page than those which usually fill the greater volume of Humanity.

EDITORIAL COMMENTS.

THE IRISH QUESTION.

The Canadian Aspect.—There is a class of people in the world who, when they themselves are well supplied with worldly goods, think that it is impossible for their neighbors to be in want. The newspapers of Ontario, with few exceptions, are among this class. Their remarks on Irish affairs are, to say the least, uncharitable. Published in a country enjoying an extensive share of human rights

and privileges, they not only withhold their sympathy from a brave little nation, struggling, one might say, for the very necessities of life, but take every opportunity to vilify and condemn all its efforts. Canadians once demanded the secularization of the clergy reserves, and it was considered a just demand; but when Irishmen asked for the disestablishment of the Episcopal Church, the request was called sacrilegious. When Upper Canadians

shouted in full chorus, "Down with French domination," it was of course a noble cry; but whenever Irishmen complain of the preponderance of English influence in the Legislature, they are unreasonable and dissatisfied. When all Canada clamored for responsible government, it was the demand of a liberty-loving people; but when Irishmen ask the right to make their own laws, they are rebels and traitors. This, in effect, is the tone of the leading dailies, and it has the result of misleading people not acquainted with the facts. Before coming to a conclusion on the statements of the *Globe* and *Mail*, it would be well for Canadians to know that Irishmen now endure the hardships under which the pioneers of this country once labored, and that they ask for rights and privileges neither greater nor less than those at present enjoyed by the inhabitants of this broad Dominion.

The British Aspect.—A certain class of Englishmen, and Scotchmen too, speak unjustly when they tell their Canadian neighbors that Irishmen have no grievances that are not common to their fellow subjects of the United Kingdom. That Irishmen have grievances has been acknowledged by the best authorities of this and preceding generations; if the men of Britain have none, then they show an unworthy spirit in refusing to allow to their neighbors a position of equality with themselves. But if the natives of England and Scotland have also political disabilities and tamely submit to them, then they should at once renounce the title of "liberty-loving Britons," and acknowledge that Irishmen alone of the three nations know and appreciate their rights. Time and again have Irishmen contended for their rights in public assemblies and in the council chamber of the nation, and they intend to continue the struggle constitutionally until they obtain all that lawfully belongs to them. This is the spirit of the

men of Ireland; Britons, if they choose, can hold their tongues and suffer in silence.

A Friendly Advice.—The wolves that go about in sheep's clothing can be national as well as religious. From the orator's rostrum or the editor's chair, they address their wild harangues or buncombe leaders that inflame and mislead the public without benefitting the cause they pretend to advocate. Let the Irish people be on their guard against these false friends. Temperance in all things is a wise motto. Over-indulgence of the appetites tends to disorganize the system; intemperance in speech and action destroys friendship and creates enmity. Knowing *what* to say is not always wiser than to know *how* and *when* to say it; and both quantity and quality should be regulated with equal care. Harshness embitters where calmness sweetens; and mild but firm expostulation convinces, when fierce invective hardens. The thunderstorm often causes destruction, but the gentle, steady rain gives nourishment and produces fruit. Reformation by violence is seldom salutary, for it injures the innocent as often as it punishes the guilty, frequently sweeps away the good as well as the bad, and renders it difficult to rescue from the confusion thus made, a just and lawful condition of things.

DUTY OR OBLIGATION.

THE Problem of Life finds its true solution in the performance of Duty. When it is sanctioned and enjoined by the Divine Law, Duty is imperative and binding. Whatever man's rank in Society may be, there are certain obligations which he is bound to fulfil. If he be a superior, his duty is to command with justice and humanity; if he be an inferior, his duty is to obey with fidelity and respect. The head of a family must, to the best of his ability, provide for the corporal, spiritual and mental wants of his dependants; as a member of the community, man ought,

at necessary times, sacrifice mere personalities for the public good ; and generally, as an individual of the human race, he must necessarily observe the precepts of charity. Wealth, honors, pleasure, are the great objects of worldly desire. They are seldom acquired ; or if they be, their existence is but temporary, and in either case there is more or less disappointment. But the dutiful is always attainable, because the Supreme Lawgiver prescribes no impossible obligations. The dutiful is also truly pleasurable, for there is no enjoyment so pure and satisfying as that which is derived from the performance of a right and necessary action.

BAD READING.

THE stream poisoned at its fountain head is more or less poisoned throughout its course. Morality corrupted in youth can hardly recover its original purity even in mature life ; but if firmly established in the beginning, moral rectitude is seldom lost. Bad reading is the curse of young people. It seduces their minds, and unfits them for the position of useful members of society. It shakes their religious faith, corrupts their morals, and in so doing endangers their eternal welfare. The authors who produce such reading and the publishers who circulate it, are guilty of a crime greater even than the poisoning of a public spring. If death be no more than a just penalty for this, what should be done with him who poisons the soul !

THE IRISH LANGUAGE.

ALL Irishmen once spoke a language of their own ; it is now, comparatively speaking, confined to a few. The Irish language is the oldest in Christendom. It was in its youth when Cyrus conquered Babylon, it was in its prime when the barbarian thundered at the walls of Rome, but its death-knell was sounded when the Anglo-Norman set foot on Irish soil. It

was the language that expressed the eloquence of St. Patrick when he converted the entire Irish nation to the faith ; it was the language used by King Brian when, on the field of Clontarf, he roused his warriors to a pitch of enthusiasm that forever broke the Danish power in Ireland ; and it was the fiery eloquence of that same noble speech, charged with the memory of a thousand wrongs, that overwhelmed the army of Monroe on that memorable day at Benburb. Yet, like a graft from an aged tree that survives but a short time its parent stem, this melodious and expressive language obeys a like law of nature and is fast hastening to decay. It is almost a curiosity to hear it spoken at the present day, and in a few generations it will be numbered among the dead languages. This is not a very agreeable destiny for Irishmen to contemplate, but it is inevitable, nevertheless.

LOOKING AHEAD.

IN times of adversity men are accustomed to sustain themselves with prospects of a better future ; in days of prosperity they would show their wisdom by providing against future misfortune. It often happens, however, that the contrary course is followed ; and then there is on the one hand abandonment to a state of despondency that increases the evils of adversity, while on the other there is a recklessness of conduct that hastens calamity and makes it more unbearable. The prudent general is always on the alert for the enemy, and takes measures for security as precisely when he thinks his foe at a distance as when he knows him to be near. We could keep the wolf from our doors or feel his presence less if we always acted with the same prudence.

FREE CANADA.

WHATEVER evils Irishmen have had to endure in their own country, in Canada at least they enjoy an immunity from any

peculiar injustice. Here they are free from a paralyzing land system, far removed from the tyranny of landlordism, and living in a country whose social and political spirit values a man by the standard of *what*, rather than *who*, by the quality of his mind and morals, rather than the color of his blood. Flying from the miseries of their own ill-governed country, they have found in Canada a harbor of refuge, a broad field for the development of their talents, ample rewards for their industry, and opportunities for the improvement of their social condition, which were withheld from them by the grasping policy of the selfish few who monopolize the wealth and resources of their native land. More than all, Irishmen have found in Canada a land of complete religious equality. As Catholics they enjoy greater liberty of conscience than they would in any other country under the sun—more than even in the Great American Republic, with all its boasted freedom, and certainly more than in any European nation whatever. Canada, then, is entitled to, and notably obtains, their strongest sentiments of loyalty. In common with their fellow subjects of other nationalities, Irishmen are faithful to the laws and institutions of Canada; and it is the hope of every true Irishman that the union of heart and hand therein expressed, will be as abiding as the union of lands that compose, and of lakes that surround, our noble Dominion.

LEARNING.

Is "a little learning a dangerous thing?" Yes; if its quality be bad and its possessor proud. In that case the danger will be in proportion to the quantity. Yet, it

may be said that a little learning, even when derived from good sources, is apt to excite pride, that is, inordinate self-esteem. This is not the fault of the learning, but of the learner. He either ignores or forgets the moral law which forbids pride, and he does not fully realize its value until he experiences, perhaps with bitterness, the truth of the wise man's words: "Where pride is, there also shall be reproach." It may be also said that a little learning makes a man act foolishly. So does a slight wind excite a feather. Every man's attainments should be according to his position, and they should not be used outside their proper sphere. An eagle with hooves or an ox with talons would be very awkward animals. A sheep would lead a herd of lions to confusion instead of victory; and a hungry wolf would be a dangerous herald to a flock of sheep. In like manner, the learning peculiar to a mechanic or a bank manager would not fit one for the position of the other; neither would it be safe for religion that a professional politician be allowed to teach theology. If acquired from good sources, pursued for proper purposes, and practiced with prudence and modesty, learning, little or much, will not be injurious; but on the contrary, beneficial. The last named element is perhaps the strongest safeguard against mischief. "Where humility is, there also is wisdom."

NEW SERIAL.

IN our next number we will begin the publication of a serial story from the pen of one of the best novelists of the age. America is the chief scene of the tale.

LET fathers and mothers be kind,
 And children be loving and sweet,
 For nothing on earth is more blind
 Than the paths that are set for our feet.
 Let neighbors be friends, and let friends
 Be close and as true as they may,
 For nothing can make us amends
 For scandal and slander some day.

Little Folks
Magazine
Oct.
Nov. 3rd 1887

TALES FOR THE YOUNG.

I.—POWER OF PRAYER.

AMONG the students of the University of Padua during the early part of the thirteenth century, there was a scholar by the name of Albert de Groot, a native of Lawingen, a town of Swabia, now fallen into decay. Albert was remarkable for his stupidity and the dullness of his intellect, and was at once the object of ridicule of his companions, and the victim of his teachers. In addition to his mental defects, he was timid and shy, and without any powers of speech to defend himself against the taunts and jeers of his school-mates. Even his diminutive size for one of his age, being then fifteen years old, did not escape the keenness of their satire.

Albert was not insensible to their raillery, and more than once would have listened to the temptation of despair, had it not been for the care of his virtuous mother, and the ardent piety with which she had inspired his youthful mind, and his tender and lively devotion to the Blessed Virgin. If he felt it hard to endure the jeers and ridicule of his companions, yet, when he considered that he had neither readiness, memory, nor intelligence, he thought within himself that probably he deserved all their reproaches; and that the career of science, which he so ardently desired, was not his vocation. Deeply influenced by this conviction, at the age of sixteen, he applied for admission into the Dominican Order, thinking that if he did not shine among the brilliant men who were its glory, yet at least he might the better save his soul. The General of the Order, who was of his own country, gave him a kind welcome, and received him into the convent to complete his studies.

But alas! he found in the cloister the same sorrows he had sought to avoid. His slow wit and dull intellect could take in nothing, or express nothing; and though he found more charity among the novices than among the turbulent students of the University, yet he saw clearly that he was looked upon as the lowest of the house. His piety and humility for a long time supported him; his courage did not fail;

he looked forward with hope to the day when his perseverance would surmount all obstacles and break the bonds which held him captive. He took the habit, and became a monk; but still his backwardness as a scholar continued. After two years of patience, he began to be thoroughly discouraged; he thought he had been mistaken; that perhaps he had yielded to an impulse of pride in entering an order whose mission it was to preach to the people, and to proclaim to the world the faith of Christ; and which consequently ought to be distinguished for science as well as for virtue; and considering that he should never be able to master either logic or eloquence, he resolved to fly from the convent. Concealing the matter from every human being, he confided the subject of his departure to the Blessed Virgin, his consolation in all his trials. On the night fixed for departure he prayed longer than usual, then after waiting till all the convent was asleep, he went from his cell, gained without noise the walls of the garden, and fixed a ladder against them. But before he ascended, he knelt again and prayed to God not to condemn the step he was taking, for that nevertheless he would serve him, and belong to him, and to him alone.

As he was about to rise, he beheld four majestic ladies advancing towards him. They were surrounded by a heavenly radiance, while their dignity tempered with sweetness and serenity, inspired him with confidence and respect. Two of them placed themselves before the ladder, as if to prevent him from ascending. The third drawing near, asked him kindly why he thus departed, and how he could desert his convent and throw himself without a guide into the dangers of a wicked world. Albert, without rising from the ground, pleaded as an excuse his obstinate incapacity, which resisted all the efforts of his perseverance.

"It is," said the lady, "because you seek in the mere human strength of your own intellect, the light which comes only from God. Behold your mother," pointing to the fourth lady, "your amiable

protectress, who loves you tenderly; ask her for the gift of knowledge; implore her with confidence; our intercession shall second you."

The scholar recognized in the fourth lady the Immaculate Queen of Heaven, and bending his face to the ground, he asked her in all the fervor of his heart for the light of science, as heretofore he had only prayed for the graces which tended to salvation.

"Science, my son," answered the amiable Virgin, "is full of dangers; but your prayer shall not be rejected. In philosophy, which you so much desire, beware of pride; let not your heart be puffed up. Long shall you possess the gift of science, and I promise you, as a reward of your piety, that its light shall be withdrawn from you the moment it becomes dangerous to you."

The vision disappeared, but Albert remained for an hour on his knees thanking God and in pouring forth the most fervent devotions to the Queen of Angels, who had so kindly interposed in his behalf. He then removed the ladder and retired to his cell.

The next morning the whole convent was surprised at the extraordinary change that had come over Albert; in his classes he astonished both the teachers and scholars. His former heaviness had given way to the liveliest and most subtle intelligence; he understood everything; the most difficult problems were solved with a clearness that astonished all. No one, however, was aware of the vision, for the humble scholar kept it a secret. So rapidly did he advance in his studies, especially in philosophy, that in one year he passed all his companions, and even eclipsed his teachers. His piety and humility increased with his learning, and he ever remained inaccessible to the seductions of the world and vain glory.

This scholar, who had obtained this extraordinary gift of knowledge, as the reward of his tender devotion to the Blessed Virgin, was the celebrated *Albertus Magnus*, who was so distinguished during the thirteenth century. For fifty years he astonished all Europe by the vastness of his learning and the profoundness of his teaching. Whenever he spoke, crowds gathered to hear him; and his discourses always produced the most salutary results; yet up to the age of seventy-

five, he had never experienced the slightest movement of vanity. It happened, however, on a certain occasion as he was preaching at Cologne, and seeing the immense audience, electrified at his discourse, he lifted his head with an air of dignity, and was about to indulge in a thought of self-admiration, when he stopped in the middle of a learned sentence, and descended from the pulpit without being able to finish it. He had lost his memory. The Holy Virgin, through whose intercession he had obtained the gift of knowledge, appeared to him and deprived him of it at the moment when it was about to become dangerous to him. He fell back into the state of dullness which he had deplored at Padua. He understood the warning, and devoted all his thoughts to prepare himself for a holy death, which took place two years after, on the 15th November, 1282.

Let children learn from this example, to place their studies under the patronage of the Queen of Heaven, and receive with the gift of knowledge, those virtues which will render them ornaments of society, and worthy candidates of heaven.

II.—THE THREE BROTHERS.

HE who asks little shall obtain much.—There lived once three brothers whose only property in this bright world consisted of a pear-tree which they watched one after another; whilst one of them was left watching it the two others would go to their daily labor.

One day an angel from Heaven was commanded to go and see how the brothers were living, and to provide them with better means of subsistence if they needed it. As soon as the angel had descended to the earth he assumed the shape of a beggar, and having come to the brother who was watching the tree, he begged him for a pear. The man plucked one of the pears which belonged to him, gave it to the angel and said:

"Here you have one of my own pears; of those which belong to my brothers I cannot give you any."

The angel thanked him and went away. On the following day the second brother stopped at home to watch the tree; the angel came also to him and asked for a pear. The second brother likewise plucked one of the pears which belonged to him, and gave it to the angel, and said:

"Here you have one of my own pears ; of those which belong to my brothers I cannot give you any."

The angel thanked him and went away. When the turn came for the third brother to watch the tree, the angel came to him also and asked for a pear. The youngest brother, in a like manner, plucked one of those which belonged to him, gave it to the angel, and said :

"Here you have one of my own pears ; of those which belong to my brothers I cannot give you any."

On the fourth day the angel took the form of a monk, and having come early in the morning he found the brothers still at home, to whom he said :

"Come with me, and I will give you something better to do."

The brothers followed the angel without any hesitation. When they had come to a broad, rapid stream, they all rested there, and the angel said to the eldest brother :

"What would you like to have ?"

And he answered : "I should like this water to be turned into wine and belong to me."

The angel made the sign of the cross with his staff, and lo !—instead of water, there flowed wine in the stream. Casks were being made, wine was being poured into them ; people were seen working and a village arose. The angel left the eldest brother there and said : "Now you have what you wished for stop and live here."

Then the angel took the two younger brothers, and went with them farther on. They soon came to a field in which an enormous number of pigeons were feeding. There the angel asked the second brother :

"What would you like to have ?"

And he answered : "I should like all these pigeons to be changed into sheep and belong to me."

The angel made a sign of the cross with his staff over the field, and in an instant all the pigeons became sheep. A dairy appeared in which some women were milking the ewes, others were measuring the milk, collecting cream, making cheeses, and melting fat ; there were also a slaughter-house in which meat was dressed, weighed, and money received ; people were busy everywhere, and a village sprang up on the spot. Hereupon the angel said to the second brother : "Here you have what you wished for."

Then the angel went away with the youngest brother, and whilst walking through a field he asked him :

"And what would you like to have ?"

So the youngest brother answered : "May Heaven grant me a truly pious wife ; I do not ask for anything else."

Then they started again, and having walked for a long time they reached a town where a king lived who had a truly pious daughter. Having entered into the town, they went immediately to the king to ask for his daughter. There they found that two kings had arrived before them, had asked for the princess, and had already put their apples on the table. Hereupon they also put their apples on the table by the side of the other apples.

"What shall we do ? The first two suitors are kings, and these men are mere beggars in comparison with them."

Then the angel said : "I will tell you what to do. Let the princess take three branches of vine, plant them in the garden, and name each one after her lovers ; in the morning on whose branch grapes will be found, him she must take for her husband."

They all agreed to this proposition. The princess planted three branches of vine in the garden, and named each one after a suitor. In the morning there were grapes on the vine of the poor man. The king, not knowing how to get out of this difficulty, was obliged to give his daughter to the youngest brother for wife ; he took them at once to the church and married them. After the ceremony, the angel took the newly married couple to the forest and left them there, and they lived in that forest one year.

When the year was up, the angel was again commanded to go and see how the brothers were living, and to assist them if they needed it. Having descended to the earth, the angel again assumed the shape of a beggar, went to the eldest brother where the wine was flowing in the stream and begged him for a glass of wine ; but the man drove him away, saying :

"If I were to give a glass of wine to everybody that asks for it, there would be nothing left for me."

When the angel heard this he made the sign of the cross with his staff, and the water flowed again in the stream as before ; then he said to the eldest brother :

"Riches were not good for you ; go

home and attend to your pear tree again."

Then the angel went to the second brother whose sheep covered the field and begged him for a piece of cheese; he also drove the angel away, saying:

"If I were to give a piece of cheese to everybody that asks for it, there would be nothing left for me."

When the angel heard this he made a sign of the cross with his staff, and the sheep changed into pigeons again; then the angel said to him:

"Riches were not good for you; go home and attend to your pear tree again."

And at last the angel went to the youngest brother in order to see how he was getting on, and he found him living with his wife in a poor hut in the forest. The angel asked him for a night's lodging, and they received him with all their hearts, and begged him to excuse them that they could not entertain him as they wished, "for," they added, "we are very poor." And the angel answered them, "Never mind; I shall be satisfied with whatever it is."

What were they to do? They had no

corn to make bread with, but they used to pound the bark of trees and make bread of it. Such bread the woman prepared also for the visitor, and put it under an earthen cover to bake. Whilst the bread was baking they entertained the visitor with conversation. When, some time afterwards, they looked to see whether the bread was baked yet, they found under the cover fine bread nicely baked—one could not wish for better, and it had even risen up under the cover; when the man and his wife saw it, they lifted up their hands to Heaven and said:

"O Lord, receive our thanks! Now we can entertain our visitor."

Then they put the bread before the angel and a gourd-bottle with water; but as soon as they began to drink out of it, the water was changed into wine. Hereupon the angel made the sign of the cross with his staff over the hut, and in its place there arose a princely palace with plenty of all good things in it. Then the angel blessed the man and his wife, and departed from them, and they lived happily until their lives' end.

WIT AND WISDOM.

Value triumph only as the means of peace.

REMEMBER that every person, however low, has rights and feelings.

THE ONLY THING THEY KEEP.—Many young men are so improvident they cannot keep anything but late hours.

A "GREAT brute of a husband" is advertising in the papers for a strong, able bodied man to hold his wife's tongue.

PRETTY TRUE.—Some author says that one of the uses of adversity is to bring us out. That is true—particularly at the knees and elbows.

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SPELL-BOUND.—A newspaper contains an account of a new play, and says the audience sat spell-bound. There were only four persons present—one was deaf, and the other three were asleep.

A KNOWING WIFE.—A Paris journal has a capital cartoon, which represents two young married ladies chatting about their husbands.—"What," says one of them, "you permit your husband to smoke in your rooms?"—"Certainly I do; but he spends his evenings with me," replied the other.—"Yes, at that price!"—"My dear friend, a shrewd wife avails herself of her husband's faults to repress his vices."

A GOOD ACCOUNT.—"To sum it up, six long years of bed-ridden sickness and suffering, costing \$200 per year, total, \$1,200—all of which was stopped by three bottles of Hop Bitters taken by my wife, who has done her own housework for a year since without the loss of a day, and I want everybody to know it for their benefit." "JOHN WEEKS, Butler, N. Y."

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